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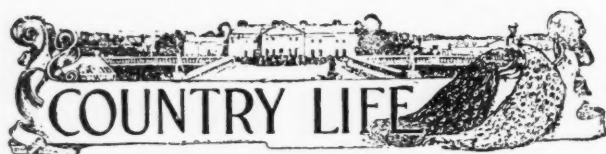
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SPEAIGHT.

157, New Bond Street, W.

THE CHILDREN OF THE HON. MRS. RIMINGTON-WILSON.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

LORD CARRINGTON'S PROGRAMME.

THE speech delivered by Earl Carrington at the Farmers' Club on Monday afternoon will be very carefully scanned for indications of the course that the new Government is likely to take with regard to agriculture. The Minister spoke at a disadvantage, since he followed a lecturer who had declared himself in favour of Fiscal Reform, and at any rate Lord Carrington could not be expected to make a complete disclosure of his plans before a farmers' society, however large and influential it might be. Yet he had a good deal to say which was of interest, and much of this referred to small holdings. Before doing so he made the interesting statement that his entire revenue was obtained from the land, and that he did not possess a single share or stock of any sort, description, or kind. He therefore spoke with practical knowledge upon a subject which he has made his own, and it is significant to find that he was entirely in favour of small holdings. He gave his own experience to show that these were beneficial from every point of view. Where his own small holdings are, near Spalding, the rural exodus between 1882 and 1892 had amounted to 2,500, but since the small holdings had been started, that is, from 1892 to 1902, the exodus only amounted to 150—certainly a very great improvement upon the foregoing state of things. It is no wonder, therefore, that Lord Carrington is an enthusiastic supporter of small holdings. He stated that he is possessed of about 3,000 acres in different parts of England, and that at Spalding itself about 650 acres are let to 202 tenants at a rent of £1,326 a year. The very best proof that a district is succeeding lies in the prompt settlement of rent and debts, and, at the time of speaking, all the arrears in this district amounted only to six guineas, while the deposits at the Penny Bank came to a total of £230. The following sentence is of exceptional importance: "Most of the farmers were formerly agricultural labourers, and they had so risen in the social scale that they would not live any longer in the cottages. They told him they were willing to pay 5s. a week rent, and so he was building small farms with dairies." The cottages of the small holders had been

taken by labourers, and thus it would appear that a ladder has been built up which the poorest may mount in the social scale. If Lord Carrington then is going to carry out his principle by a practical application of it to the country at large, it is evident that the legislation of the new Government will be directed towards an increase of small holdings.

In connection with this it should be noted that the programme of the Labour Party seems to embrace the idea here set forth by Lord Carrington. In the current number of the *National Review*, Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., who ought to speak with authority about the aspirations and desires of Labour, says: "The power of local authorities to acquire land and to organise agriculture, mainly in the form of small holdings worked on some co-operative basis, probably after the manner of Denmark, is also a matter of supreme importance." The sentence reads like the utterance of one who did not know his subject at first hand, but, nevertheless, it may be taken as an indication of what the Labour Party will try to impress on the Government. It is part of a scheme of which the complement is contained in the following sentence: "We shall claim that the Government shall acquire and turn to use, especially by means of afforestation, the great tracts of waste land which are now lying useless and unoccupied. As the example of Germany, India, and private experiments at home have conclusively shown, this will prove to be a profitable national investment, and there is no reason why half a million men should not find constant and healthy employment in our State forests." It is needless to say that we are far from endorsing the opinions thus set forth, but we are stating them in order that those who are connected with the land may know what they have to expect.

Without desiring in any way to embarrass Lord Carrington, it is impossible to pass over a letter which has been written to *The Times* by a Mr. Maurice F. Beadel. This gentleman set himself to test Lord Carrington's statement as to its being possible to build a "pair of substantial labourers' cottages, with the accommodation that a labourer in the present day rightly demands, for £300." Lord Carrington had given as instances a pair of cottages built for him at Moulsoe for £312 10s. We are given the results of "two careful inspections" of these cottages, made respectively in October, 1905, and January, 1906. It is somewhat too long to quote, but is damnable in the highest degree, as a few phrases will show: "The cottages are almost uninhabitable from smoke"; "the bedrooms, without fireplaces, are almost as black as the kitchen"; "even in October the cottages everywhere showed damp, and the tenants said that in order to keep the bedding dry they were obliged to place the beds well away from the walls, no easy task on account of the size of the rooms"; "they are furnaces in summer, and icehouses in winter." The windows, the closets, the well are all ruthlessly condemned in the same sweeping terms. One statement of a case holds good until the other side is heard. We do not propose to pass judgment upon this state of things until Lord Carrington or some of his friends have replied; but, on the face of it, it would not appear that the cheap construction of cottages has been a very brilliant success at Moulsoe. It would be a matter of considerable regret if this trenchant criticism were to be established. No one who knows Lord Carrington is in the slightest degree likely to doubt the absolute good faith of any statement proceeding from his lips, and probably he will be more disappointed than anybody else if his attempt at building cheap cottages for the labouring classes should turn out to be a failure. We confess that when we read his original statement we felt some doubt about it; a doubt arising not in any way from the personality of the Minister of Agriculture himself, but from the knowledge of the difficulty attending the erection of cheap dwellings. If we take into account the very great rise in the cost of material which has been witnessed during the last decade, the higher wages expected by masons and carpenters, and the cost of carrying materials, we are bound to say that the obstacles to the building of a satisfactory cottage for £150 are almost insuperable. Every now and again an enthusiastic landlord has believed that he has found a solution of the problem, but so far such optimism has not been justified by the results. Yet the question is of the very first importance, because the whole scheme of multiplying the number of small holdings has waited on the ability to provide suitable dwelling-houses for the tenants. The small holder has no employer to fall back upon, and no one can be reasonably expected to set up buildings for the occupation of even the tiniest farmer without expecting a reasonable return for the capital laid out. This is what makes us study so eagerly the result of every attempt made to set up cheap dwellings for the poor agricultural classes.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the children of the Hon. Mrs. Rimington-Wilson. Mrs. Rimington-Wilson is a daughter of Lord Mountgarret, and married Mr. Henry Rimington-Wilson in 1897.



COUNTRY NOTES

UNDER any conceivable circumstances the death of Lady Grey by a carriage accident would have called forth universal sympathy, but the circumstances under which the calamity occurred deepen the feeling of regret. Sir Edward Grey had just achieved a position such as falls to few statesmen. Not only was he appointed to one of the most important portfolios in the Cabinet, but he had succeeded in carrying with him the good wishes of the members of all parties. But the moment of his triumph proved also to be the moment of sorrow and bereavement. Lady Grey had charmed both her friends and opponents by the ardour with which she entered into her husband's contest. Only a few days previously she had accompanied him to hear the declaration of the poll, and no doubt was looking forward with pleasure to the performance of those important social duties that devolve upon the wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs. That she should at this happy moment have been killed by a carriage accident is one of the most pathetic examples of the manner in which Fate—or Destiny—when the cup of prosperity is at the full, often dashes it to the ground, as if in ironic mockery of human happiness.

At their meeting on Tuesday last, the council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture had, among other things, a report presented to them from a committee appointed last February to look into the subject of building bye-laws. It was a very thorough-going report, and recommended in brief that all the existing bye-laws should be swept away, and a Departmental Committee appointed by Parliament to draw up a brief but comprehensive set of regulations that would apply to the whole country. The clauses would be automatically applicable to the following classes of erections: (1) isolated buildings, (2) buildings partially isolated, (3) buildings in villages, and (4) buildings in towns. This goes further than the Building Bye-laws Association. Going on the principle of preferring half a loaf to no bread, they brought in a Bill last session to modify the existing code. Now that the new Government is in power, however, the amendment might advantageously be laid aside for the bolder and stronger one that has been adopted by the Chambers of Agriculture. A radical change in the arrangements must be effected soon or late, and we cannot ourselves see what benefit arises from trying to tinker the old bye-laws. They were drawn up at a time when sanitation was not understood as well as it is to-day, and the new regulations, besides getting rid of the troublesome clauses, ought to embody the results of recent research.

One of the most striking personalities of the nineteenth century has passed away with the death of Lord Masham. Samuel Cunliffe Lister, first Lord Masham, was born on January 1st, 1815, so that he was in his ninety-second year, and up to the last his shrewd and vigorous intellect retained its vitality. Indeed, his example would seem to show that the more a man calls upon his physical and mental resources, the more do they respond. At fourscore years of age Lord Masham acquitted himself among a number of guns in a manner that would have been no discredit to a youth of 25; and those who came in contact with him can attest that his mind was even more vigorous than his body. It was the year after the accession of Queen Victoria in which he and his brother started together as worsted spinners and manufacturers, under the name of J. and S. C. Lister, and his career since had been one of successful struggle and brilliant invention. He was a man of the utmost determination, and more than once had to spend nearly everything he had on the

perfection of an idea before it became of use in the market. Victory, however, crowned his efforts in the end, and he died one of the richest of Englishmen.

When we come to examine Lord Masham closely, we find that his personality was extremely interesting. In politics he was a Protectionist, and some ten or twelve years ago was a mainstay of the Fair Trade movement. He was a good sportsman, and kept many greyhounds, although, as ill-luck would have it, he was never successful in carrying off the chief prizes. The best greyhound he ever had was Chameleon, who ran in the deciding course of the Waterloo Cup, after winning nearly all her courses before. It may interest those who connect diet with old age to know that Lord Masham was a very moderate drinker, but an extremely heavy smoker. Even in the early hours of the morning—and he never was a late riser—he could be seen going about his mills with the inevitable pipe always between his teeth; but any injury that may have been caused from heavy smoking was corrected by the regularity of his outdoor exercise.

Professor Silvanus Thompson gave a most interesting lecture at the Royal Institution the other night on the fixation of nitrogen. A great deal of his time was taken up in illustrating the Norwegian method of doing this, and incidentally he made a number of most suggestive remarks about the economic position of Great Britain. Some of our readers may remember that a few years ago Professor Crookes somewhat startled the world, then revelling in a wealth of cheap food, with the prophecy that a time was not far distant when the supply of wheat would not be enough to meet the wants of the consumer. It is the province of science to look much further ahead than the statesman or the politician; but if this truth, on which all the most competent students are agreed, were thoroughly realised, it would cause much of the political discussion of to-day to collapse like a mighty wind bag. Those who do not confine their attention to one island or one country can see that the sources from which our wheat is supplied are more or less swiftly being exhausted, or if that be too strong a term, they are not producing as freely as they did in proportion to the needs of the population. In the course of a few years it seems clear that wheat will go up very much in price, as the supply can only be increased by the cultivation of land which hitherto has been left idle because its tillage was too costly for practical purposes.

THE MAGIC HOUR.

'Twas in a woodland sparse we met
Where singing birds were few,
No pages at our side were set,
No royal banners blew,
No men-at-arms or marshals fair,
With torches lit the glade for us,
But you were there and I was there,
And 'twas a palace made for us.

So, too, upon a pathway dim
We climbed the starlit crest,
No organ rolled our vesper hymn,
No white-robed bishop blessed,
None lifted voice of praise or prayer,
No sacrifice was spilt for us,
But God was there and you were there,
And 'twas a temple built for us.

H. H. BASHFORD.

The end of the General Election comes always latest in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, which, owing to the difficulty of communication, are allowed to have a fortnight longer than any other constituency in which to record their decision. It is a curious position for the electors to be placed in; they know that the result of the battle between the parties has been decided before they go to the poll, and when the general engagement is over the choice made by any one constituency is of no great importance. Perhaps this is really a pity, because these islanders are above the average in intelligence; they cannot read so freely as the inhabitants of a great town, but that makes them prize all the more such literature as comes their way. Like many of those who combine seafaring and agriculture, they are a slow, methodical, and sound-minded race, who work out their conclusions with great deliberation. The business of canvassing among them is very different from what it is on the mainland. There are no trains in Orkney; indeed, the term "Hoy express" used to be a phrase applied satirically to an ox-drawn cart. Motor-cars cannot be freely used in any except the main islands, so that the capacity for withstanding sea-sickness is a necessary qualification in a Parliamentary candidate for the representation of these islands. Even to those who are good sailors it cannot have been exceedingly pleasant to go on "from isle to isle" amid the gales that have recently been blowing.

Lord Roberts deserves the utmost praise for the strenuous and self-sacrificing manner in which he is propagating his views on the defence of the Empire. There has been nothing to compare with it, except the passionate pilgrimages that statesmen have made before the General Election; but their enthusiasm has generally been whetted by the hope of winning personal adherence and party advantages. Lord Roberts has only one object in view, and that is the good of the country. At his age it must be a toilsome and irksome business to go about making all these speeches; but England will make a great mistake if she does not take the warning offered by the wise old soldier. He says that every man ought to be trained as a defender of the Empire, and, therefore, he would have shooting taught in every possible way; and in the second place, he says that the Army as it stands is insufficient for the purposes for which it is needed. We owe him a great debt of gratitude for devoting his old age to impressing this truth on his fellow-countrymen.

A very practical suggestion has been made that for long night journeys the railway companies should provide third-class sleeping carriages. No doubt the question with them is one mainly of pounds, shillings, and pence, though we do not accuse them of disregarding the comfort of passengers. But what happens actually is that many men who usually travel third class, when they wish to make their journey by night—by far the most economical thing to do for one with whom time is precious—take a first-class ticket and pay extra for a sleeping carriage. This profit would of course be lost; but, on the other hand, a great deal would be gained, because the number of people who would take advantage of third-class sleeping carriages is immense, as everybody who knows the requirements of those who travel on business will agree. No great expense would be involved; as a matter of fact, the number of sleeping carriages on night trains is usually too small, and during the whole of the summer, at any rate, it is common for first-class compartments to be rigged up and turned into temporary sleepers. All this can be accomplished for the third-class passenger just as easily as for the first, and we cannot help thinking that it would be well worth doing.

A reform just as urgently needed is that of the days during which the week-end ticket is available. These are arranged most awkwardly, and belong to a prehistoric state of things. The fact is that when the railway companies invented week-end tickets they were thinking simply of people who were able to take a short holiday. That enormous class of passenger who systematically uses a week-end ticket had not then come into existence, and for them the arrangements were not made. The business man, as a rule, is able to dispense most easily with the days at the end of the week. Thursday is usually the first slack time that he has, but Monday and Tuesday are, in most professions that we know anything about, days of extreme importance. The week-end ticket is issued from Friday night until Tuesday, but we are quite certain that if it were available from Thursday morning until Monday morning it would be found of far greater convenience to the public, and would induce more people to spend their holidays at a distance. We hope that the railway companies will take this suggestion into sympathetic consideration.

Either the season has been a peculiarly favourable one for moles, or else the mildness of the winter has kept them in an abnormal state of activity, for there is no doubt that their hills are in an unusual number on most Southern pastures, and this in spite of floods that one might have expected to drown them out. The problem of how to get rid of them is not easily answered, and it is becoming more and more difficult because the profession of the mole-catcher seems to be no longer as much followed as it used to be. Perhaps the spread of education has made all the rustic people too proud for it. Whatever the reason, the result is that the solution of the problem of mole-catching is aggravated in difficulty by the necessity of first catching your mole-catcher. He has gone out of date with the thatcher and the hedger, and as a consequence the moles seem to be more up-to-date than ever in their successful methods of facing the struggle for life.

It is interesting to hear that Eton is contemplating a change in the methods of its football, or, at least, that the Rugby form of the game is to be given a fair trial. Hitherto the game in vogue at Eton has been so like the Association game that Etonians going on to the Universities could easily take up Association football. Schools and schoolboys are usually very conservative, and both boys and men are more conservative in their games than any other of the concerns of their life; so that there is a psychological, as well as an athletic, interest in this new departure. One may speculate for how much the influence of the new Head has counted in the change. The Rugby game is in vogue at Haileybury, where he lately was.

It is a curious fact that from time to time we note that specimens of our common eider-duck turn up bearing a black V-shaped mark upon the throat. Now this is the hall-mark, so to speak, of the Pacific eider (*Somateria mollissima*); are we then to suppose that this peculiar mark is developed independently—constantly in the one species, sporadically in the other—or that its appearance among our birds is due to crossing with its Pacific relative? The latter is certainly the more likely interpretation, inasmuch as on rare occasions examples of the Pacific eider are taken in our seas; a case in point occurred, in fact, last year. At the last meeting of the British Ornithologists' Club an example of the British eider with this peculiar mark on the throat was exhibited by Mr. Howard Saunders. This bird, a male, was shot on December 7th, 1905, near Stromness, Orkney.

At the same meeting an example of the wall creeper (*Tichodroma muraria*) was exhibited. It had been shot while climbing about the face of the cliff at Ecclesbourne, near Hastings, on December 26th, 1905. This makes the fourth record of this bird in England, the first occurring as far back as 1792, an example being shot on October 30th of that year at Stratton Strawless, Norfolk. The occurrence of the fire-crested wren (*Regulus ignicapillus*) is sufficiently rare to be worth recording. Two examples of this species have recently been obtained, one at Wimbledon on December 31st, 1905, and one which was picked up in a dying state at Abbey Wood, Kent, on January 10th, 1906. The latter specimen is now in the Natural History Museum.

SONG.

Very pretty and very shy,
Child of the wind and the open sky,
Marguerite, Pearl of the Sea;
Fresh as the foam on your Ocean swells,
Fair as the light of your lilac shells,
Are you still waiting for me?

Still, as of old, at the break of the day,
Down by the waves in the drift of the spray,
Marguerite, waiting for me:
Crowned with the gems of your Ocean bowers,
Coral for coronet, seaweed for flowers,
Pearls, for the Pearl of the Sea?

Still, as of old, when the crimson West
Catches the snow of the foaming crest,
Rose, on a sapphire Sea?
Marguerite, lost the fading light,
Under the fringe of the falling night,
Are you still waiting for me?

Very pretty and very shy,
Child of the wind and the open sky,
Marguerite, Pearl of the Sea;
Fresh as the foam on your Ocean swells,
Fair as the light of your lilac shells,
Yes—you are waiting for me.

H. J. S.

The misfortunes that have happened to the Unionist Party are the cause of disappointment to men of every political creed, and it is to be hoped that a satisfactory way out of the difficulty will eventually be found. This is no place in which to discuss the rival merits of Protection and Free Trade; but we know that the strongest Government is always rendered stronger when it is confronted by a powerful Opposition. If the Liberals had been able to exercise more influence during Mr. Balfour's Administration, the effect would have been wholesome, and unless the Conservatives can muster sufficient ability and united effort in the new Parliament no better result can be hoped for. The present deadlock appears to come from a divergence of view between Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain, as to the merits of which public opinion is very much divided. It would be almost a national calamity if the country were to lose the services of either of these eminent statesmen, and one may express a hope that their respective adherents will settle themselves down to a calm discussion of the situation, a discussion that will be animated by a united desire to find a *modus operandi*.

The experiment of introducing new animals into habitats in which they are not indigenous has been proved by sad experience to be a dangerous one. But the trout, our own brown trout (for the "rainbow" cannot be trusted to stay where he is put), has always proved a most successful colonist, and we have no reason for thinking that he will prove otherwise when he is introduced, as it is now proposed to introduce him, into some of the Central African rivers. Of course the difficulties of transporting the ova are serious, but they may be overcome, and, of course, the temperature of these rivers is, commonly, high; but many of them have their rise in mountain springs where may be found coolness and, in all likelihood, good spawning grounds. It has been proved, by actual experiment in one of the Natal

rivers, that the fact that there were no fish in the river previously to the introduction of the trout was no argument that trout would not thrive there, for in a previously fishless river they have done well. A good many of the African rivers seem to be in this fishless state.

As a rule the spring angler for salmon in the rivers that are earliest to open for rod-fishing has need to be very hardy, and able to bear the most bitter cold and the most raging storms with a serene indifference, and often to be content with very moderate sport in the way of fresh-run fish, while kelts exasperate him by seizing the fly again and again, and giving him much unfruitful labour in landing them and getting his hook out of their lean jaws. This season all has been going, so far as it has gone, as well as it ever can be expected to go. The weather has been very mild for the season of the year, the fish have been plentiful, in a water in good order, and have been giving excellent sport. It is sport which must be appreciated all the more because the salmon were so disappointing during much of last year, and declined to run up, although the state of the water gave them every chance to do so. In Norway the past season was no less disappointing than in Great Britain.

The Riviera, with its sunny climate and never-ceasing round of pleasures, is hardly the place where one would have expected to be brought face to face with one of the gravest problems of everyday life. But the speeches delivered at the annual banquet of the British Chamber of Commerce for the French Riviera tell us only too plainly that even there the foreigners are leaving no stone unturned to prevent the import of British-manufactured goods. It is clearly proved that the Germans have contrived to ruin the trade in hardware from England by cutting freights and selling at the bare cost of production. In a similar fashion the Americans are setting to work to oust the English sanitary engineering firms who have hitherto held something approaching to a monopoly of the trade. The British coal-traders have also lately undergone a serious attack, a powerful American syndicate having almost succeeded in getting control of that business at prices which would have defied competition on the part of English coal-owners. In this particular instance it is gratifying to notice that the attempt has failed owing to the timely energy of an English merchant. Vast sums of money are spent in the Riviera by English people, and it should be within their province to assist in the protection of British industries.

BIRDS OF PREY.

THOUGH the birds of prey, with the eagles at their head, are now world, according to the latest classification, there is no doubt that in popular sentiment they still occupy their old position. There is something indefinable in the very name of eagle which carries one's mind irresistibly to the wild places of the earth—the mountain peaks, the wide forests, and other solitudes—where alone they may be met with. The England of our day has become too tame a country for the king of birds. In Scotland, in some of the deer forests, the golden eagle is not uncommon; but any one desirous of an acquaintance with eagles had better go abroad to some country where the conditions are more favourable, where game preservation is not carried on to such lengths, and where the population is not so crowded.

Luckily, it is not necessary to go very far. Twenty-four hours is sufficient to take one to the Spanish frontier, and, once on Spanish soil, you are amongst a fauna somewhat equivalent to that which existed in England 500 years ago—a country where an eagle is an every-day sight, where great flesh-

eating vultures, very little inferior to the Condor of the Andes, range on tireless wings over plain and marisina in search of carrion, and nest in the inaccessible precipices of the Sierras, and where the wolf, the bear, the lynx, and the wild boar live in the tangled fastnesses and thickets of an almost-impenetrable country and in the rocky heights of the mountains.

But if this is true of Spain generally, it is in the extreme South—in sunny Andalusia—where the conditions are most favourable of all; and there I found myself in April last, in company with a friend of like mind to myself, determined to see something of the larger birds of prey—the huge vultures, the eagles, kites, and harriers—and the wild life generally of that most interesting region. We had taken up our quarters at a small roadside cottage in the middle of a big plain, through which ran an extensive marsh and a fair-sized river, while in the distance on all sides were high cliffs and rugged crags. One in particular, of a greater height than the rest, looked so likely that we started off on foot one morning by ourselves to see what we could find. A long and hot tramp it was, too, especially as I had a heavy load of



R. B. Lodge

GRIFFON VULTURE ON NEST.

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camera, spare lenses, and a number of dry plates on my back. The South Spanish plains in spring-time are ablaze with a variety of wild flowers, whose profusion quite tints the landscape with bright colours; at one time we were wading through a patch of pink mallows, at other times the prevailing colour was blue; irises, lilies, and bulbous plants of many kinds abounded, while silvery grey thistles gave a peculiar bloom at a little distance to whole acres of ground. Arrived at the river in doubt as to the exact whereabouts of the ford, we enquired at a hut near by, a "choza," constructed of branches and reeds, where we found a sunburnt shepherd or herdsman, who, with true Spanish courtesy, came out to show us the ford himself. Plunging in, we were soon on the other side, where the hot sun speedily dried us again as we proceeded on our way, until, after walking nearly two hours at a good pace, we found ourselves at the foot of the crag amongst thick prickly scrub and stunted cork oaks.

Scanning, with our glasses, the rugged face of the precipice in front of us, which rose up straight for quite 600ft., we were delighted to see that most of the numerous caves and holes with which it was pitted were occupied by griffon vultures, sitting quietly on their nests. Amid their colossal surroundings these huge birds, which have a spread of wing of about 10ft., appear to be dwarfed to the size of starlings. One by one we spotted others sitting quietly on projecting points, while others, on their great curved square wings, were soaring overhead in circles. It was a most interesting sight, for though vultures, in the Zoo, for instance, are generally considered repulsive-looking and even ugly, there can be no doubt that, on its native rocks and amid natural surroundings, a vulture is extremely picturesque. On the wing its appearance is grand, and when perched on a rocky pinnacle its motionless and statuesque pose gives it an appearance of dignity and even nobility, which is lost when the birds are busily engaged in their ghoulish feasts on a half-putrid animal.

While we were watching this scene, so novel to both of us, a smaller bird with a whitish breast appeared over the brow high over our heads, and, after circling once or twice, settled on a small tree growing from a cleft of the rock, where we had a good view of it. Even the griffons faded



R. B. Lodge.

YOUNG GRIFFON VULTURE.

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into insignificance when we recognised in the newcomer the noble form of a Bonelli's eagle. After a few minutes it flew off, passing through some of the soaring vultures; but in spite of its far smaller size, it appeared to disdain the too near proximity of its unsavoury neighbours, for once, when a griffon ventured to approach, it made a most magnificent stoop, and fairly bowled the great vulture over, knocking it head over heels, and causing it to fall several feet before it recovered its balance again. It was a splendid example of natural falconry on a large scale, and one which reminded us at once of the late Prince Rudolph's account of the animosity which exists between the imperial eagles and the colossal carnivorous vultures in the Hungarian forests, and the combats which he had witnessed between them. In all probability the eyrie of the eagle was somewhere in the great rock in front of us, though we failed to discover its whereabouts.

A few days afterwards, making a day's expedition to an isolated rock at some distance, which rose to a height of about 200ft., we were lucky enough to find a nest of Bonelli's eagle, and still more lucky in being able to reach the single egg it contained. As we passed under the cliff, under the guidance of a couple of goatherds, the eagle left her eyrie and flew slowly along the perpendicular face in which it was placed. I had somewhat rashly, considering that this eagle has the reputation of building in the very worst situations, which, as Chapman says in "Wild Spain," makes one's flesh creep to survey, undertaken before starting to take this egg myself, and I must say that I was relieved to find that the height was not greater, and that the nest was high up near the top.

Being led by our guide up a narrow goat track at one side, we presently found ourselves on the top, and then had a rough scramble along the narrow edge until, by craning our necks over as far as we dared, we could just see below us a large flat platform of sticks wedged into a narrow ledge, in the middle of which lay a large pointed egg. Then uncoiling the 60ft. of alpine rope with which we had come provided, the end was knotted securely round my chest, and my three companions, bracing themselves firmly one above the



R. B. Lodge.

CROUCHING MOTIONLESS AMID THE ROCKS.

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other, proceeded to lower me over the edge, until I found myself standing in the eyrie, pocketing the egg, and shouting to those above to haul me up again.

A RED-LETTER DAY.

I T chanced to fall on September 20th—in a stalker's calendar "The Day of the Roaring"—when I was staying in a far-off Inverness-shire glen a few miles distant from the lovely shores of Loch Ness. The ground was new to me, but motoring up from Inverfarigaig I had passed a fir plantation which looked suspiciously like roe, and my host had very kindly given me leave to go out for a buck when I liked. So, as I started on my two-mile walk to the wood a couple of mornings later, I did not even ask myself whether I was a fool to leave my warm bed at so unseasonable an hour as 4 a.m. Nature herself set any doubts I might have had on that score at rest.

The first faint flush of dawn had not yet quivered in the eastern sky as I walked down the drive, and my only light came from the stars and a bright moon which flooded the sleeping valley. Indeed, it was still dark as I finished my climb, and looked down into the deep and rocky ravine which lay at the

within 40yds. of it, which was the most convenient spot for a shot. The greater part of my stalk was simply a walk, but 200yds. from the birch I had to go very gingerly to avoid striking one of the many boulders which were strewn all over the ground. At last I reached my rock and peered cautiously over. There was the buck, still lying on the little plateau which the gnarled roots of the birch had formed, 50yds. below me, and utterly unsuspecting of danger. For a moment I watched him, the central figure of the glorious view before me. Below us the ravine dropped steeply away. At its foot were piled the huge grey rocks, lying as they had fallen when the mother cliff first cast them off. Beyond them rose the grey lichen-clad face of the opposite wall of the narrow gorge, full of rifts and crannies, in which adventurous seeds of the birch and mountain ash had fallen, to take firm root. On its summit lay a purple carpet of heather, from which rose the red-stemmed pines. Up the strath and beyond it a sea of peaks caught the eye; and over all was the atmosphere of a Highland glen in mid-September, to describe which one would want the pen of a greater than even Walter Scott. As I looked something rose in my throat, and I almost crept back the way I had come, with the "safety" still showing on my rifle and the buck lying beneath the overhanging birch. It would have been the finer thing to do. But then, well—the mood passed, the hunter in me awoke, and you can guess the rest; it is a moment on which I will not dwell. At any rate, he



R. B. Lodge.

BOOTED EAGLE AT NEST IN SILVER POPLAR.

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back of the plantation; but dimly noiseless forms were made out stirring below me, and the first rays over the hilltops revealed a doe and her fawn occupied on their morning meal. I had been told to shoot anything, for the little deer were doing a good deal of damage to the young trees; but not wishing to disturb the whole of the ground at the start, I went quietly back out of sight and continued my way. A few minutes later, as I crossed up out of the plantation, there came a rush from a small hollow on my left, and I was just in time to see the hind-quarters of a buck disappearing over the crest. That he was a good beast I could see, and so sitting down I pulled out my glass. He obligingly stopped about 300yds. off, and for some moments stared back. Then he dashed off again, barking and making a great commotion, though I knew that he had not really seen me, but had got a slight touch of my wind. Accordingly, for ten minutes or so I lay quietly there, for I thought I knew what he would do next, and then rose to follow. I had not gone 20yds. when, across the ravine, I saw something, and putting the glass on him found to my joy that it was the buck. Between us there lay an open flat, where once a sawmill had stood, and though I started to cross it, I found at once that he must inevitably spot me if I continued. There was nothing for it but to crawl back. This I did, and before going down into the wood took a last look at him. He was lying, almost entirely hidden from view, beneath an old birch tree which overhung the ravine. It stood in a line with three solitary firs, and by these I easily marked the rock,

felt no pain, and as I walked back to the lodge I congratulated myself on a good beginning to my day's sport.

Two hours later I started for the "hull" with Duncan and Scott. The former was stalker, and he, as we went, unfolded his plans to me. The wind was going round to the north, the right air for us, and we all felt optimistic. "A thunk, Muster Fraank, whull be having luck the dee," remarked Duncan as we walked; but for some three hours we kept going up through the deep course of a burn, with frequent stops for spying as a fresh bit of hill opened out from behind the corner of a knoll, yet with never the sign of a beast. Our optimism began to evaporate. Then, as we spied some distant mosses and peat hags, of which the greater part of the ground was composed, Duncan spotted two stags. They carried nothing very wonderful in the way of heads, but one he thought sufficiently good to kill. They were lying a good four miles off, nor had they moved twenty minutes later, as we again reconnoitred their position from behind some peats. Duncan suggested lunch, in the hope that before that function was completed they would have enabled us to settle our future movements by rising. So we lay there; I, on my back, thinking that it was much better than the grimy Temple, where in another fortnight's time I should be trying to concentrate my thoughts on that fascinating trinity, "Procedure, Pleadings, and Practice," whilst the two men, a little distance apart, watched the deer. A dark speck came floating up out of the blue



J. Trotter.

RED DEER.

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beyond Coignafearn, which, as it grew larger, resolved itself into an eagle. When just over our heads he swept round into the wind, the widespread feathers of his mighty wings bending sharply beneath the sudden strain. Slowly he sailed round, his bright eyes turned fiercely down on us; and then in ever-widening sweeps disappeared into the wild fastnesses from which he had come.

Time was getting on and, though the heat haze rendered spying a matter of great difficulty, we could see that the stags had not yet risen. I proposed a move. "Weel, sur," said Duncan, "I just think we'd better. I hear'd a shot over the mairch, and I was hoping it would ha' put some deer over; but likely they'll no come so far." So we packed up the remains of the lunch (chiefly the flask) and prepared to leave. It was then

that Scott, who had the most wonderful sight, suddenly flopped down, with the remark, "Mon, there's deer!" Over the old sheep fence, which indicated the march, a line of black dots was stringing. The shot which Duncan had heard had done its work—well enough for us, at any rate; and when we got the glasses on them I saw that my luck had not changed. No one spoke at first save Scott, who, as each head was thrown into relief against the skyline, exclaimed in heart-felt accents, "Gude Lord! Taalk aboot staags!"

They certainly were a good lot. There was a very dark, heavy-looking switch, a nice eight-pointer, a dozen or so other stags, but the pick of the whole lot was an eleven-pointer; he was one of the finest-looking stags I have ever seen when in motion. They came slowly down the hill, every now and then looking back.



C. C. Dennis.

HIGH UP IN THE FOREST.

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We followed the direction of their gaze, and saw another lot of deer, all small stags with one exception, standing by the fence, irresolutely watching their companions. At last they made up their minds what to do, and fed quietly along just over the march, while the first lot still came on down the hill. They were only about a quarter of a mile off, and we had to crawl very carefully into the bed of the old burn, from which coign of vantage we could watch their movements with greater safety. "Waatch them when they get the scent of our traacks," said Duncan; "I hope the brutes wull gang awa' doon the hull!" Almost as he spoke the leading stag, a small six-pointer, stopped dead and threw his head up. The other deer followed suit, and a grand picture they made. I have seldom witnessed a more striking example of the wonderful power of scent which red deer possess, for it was fully an hour and a-half since we had passed that way. For some awful minutes it was a toss up whether they would turn back or not; then we uttered a prayer of thankfulness as the six-pointer continued his way down the hollow. Waiting until the last stag had disappeared, we doubled on in time to see a number of deer slowly moving away from us into the burn. Through the glass I made out a switch, and so jumped to the conclusion that they were our beasts, when Scott, who saw no reason for uselessly varying his conversation, again ejaculated, "Mon! there's deer!" Sure enough, lying on a hilltop a mile or so off were twenty or thirty smallish beasts; whilst over a knoll, within 400yds. of us, were the tops of some other stags' horns. On Scott's excited mutterings becoming intelligible we understood him to say that he saw the head of the one and original switch among them.

I was sure he had gone down the burn with the other deer, but, on looking through the glass, my convictions wavered, and were finally dispelled, for there, never to be mistaken, was the eleven-pointer! A rapid glance over the other heads assured us that they were indeed the first lot of deer we had seen, and the others which had moved down the burn a fresh herd entirely.

We were very much exposed, but a wet and careful slither brought us into the concealment of some peat hags, and, leaving Scott there, Duncan and I, by dint of pulling ourselves along a

when we first saw them until our last spy he and the switch had kept side by side, never separating; then he had moved away to the left all by himself, and in the cluster of horns before us I could detect no well-defined cup, such as he carried on his left horn. So taking the glass from Duncan, I carefully slid it round a tussock. There, framed in the circle, just where we had last seen him, were the well-known horns showing above the waving deer grass, and I was happy. It might be cold; I might have to wait two hours for a shot; all the qualifications necessary for



C. C. Dennis.

SCENTING DANGER.

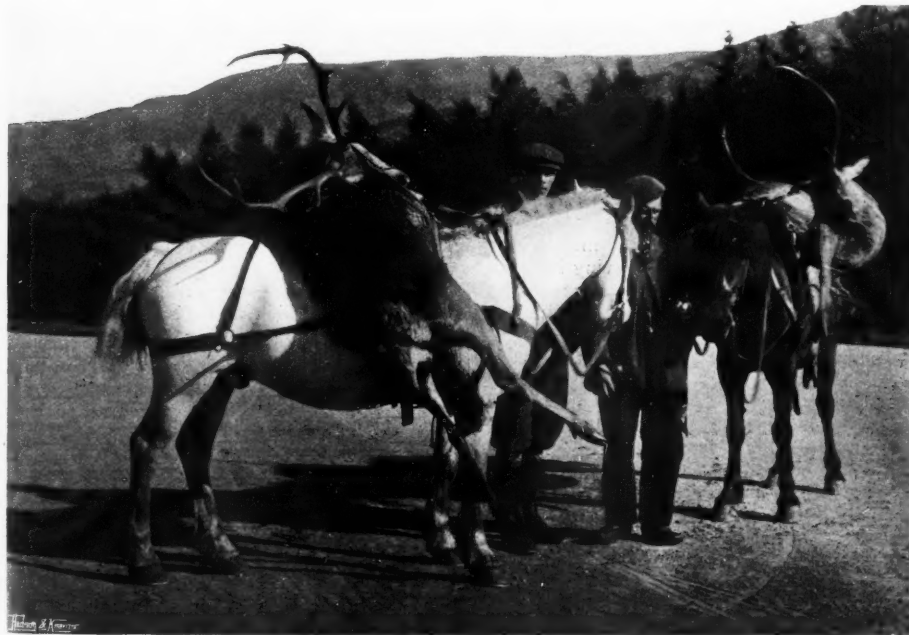
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a chill might be there ready; yet within 120yds. of me was a herd of deer and by my side was a rifle!

Duncan, as we lay there in the peat bog, reopened a question which had been discussed earlier. He was very anxious for me to take the switch first if he gave a good chance; but Scott, at this suggestion, had been shocked into loquaciousness. "Mon!" said he, "you'll never tak' yon brute furrst, wi' thaat graand eleven-pinter before ye. Whaat an aaful sin! But, O mon! A' wush he'd another pint!"

Anyhow, Duncan and I argued it out, and settled that I should take whichever of the two rose first, and trust to luck for obtaining a second chance. From 3.20 until 5.15 did we lie there. Once an old cock grouse, unconscious of the tremors he brought with him, settled on a hummock just behind us. A prolonged investigation apparently satisfied him as to our harmlessness, and he presently departed, his warning "goback! goback! goback!" unuttered. Occasionally one of the smaller stags would rise, stretch himself, and then lie down again. Once the switch got up—a three-quarters view—and I had the rifle levelled, waiting till he should turn his side to me. Then, as my finger curled round the trigger, down he went again. To Duncan's muttered anathema I returned, I must confess, a prayer of thankfulness, for the eleven-pointer had not yet moved; I knew his position to an inch. Every little stone, every little tuft of heather, every burnt patch on the opposite hill which had any bearing on his position, I had noted, so that the opportunity should not find me wanting when it did occur.

I could not see him at all, save the tops of his horns, and those but faintly, for they were very black. Then the chance came! A dark cloud rolled slowly from before the face of the sun, whilst a ray of light fell directly on the deer. It lit up each stag in turn, like the beam of a passing searchlight, throwing their heads into strong relief against the dark background of the



Miss C. Sopper.

SPOLIA OPIMA.

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few yards at a time on tussocks of deer grass, got within 120yds. of them. They were all lying down, their horns and one or two heads just showing above the hollows in which they lay. On the left were some small beasts, well to the fore, of course, whilst the switch, with two other stags, was in the middle. Between the two several good beasts were lying together, it being almost impossible to pick out the horns of any individual stag from the cluster which they formed. One of these stags, Duncan declared, was the eleven-pointer. From the moment

the hill beyond. It was one of the finest natural pictures I have ever seen, and for a moment my thoughts wandered. Then, with something of a shock, I turned again to my bearings; but they had vanished as the stag rose! Even as I looked, he moved, and I raised myself above the tussock.

Duncan said never a word, but with the tail of my eye I saw him biting his lip. For a second or so the eleven-pointer stood there, and I almost felt a brute. Then, at the crack, he turned a complete somersault and fell back among the peats,

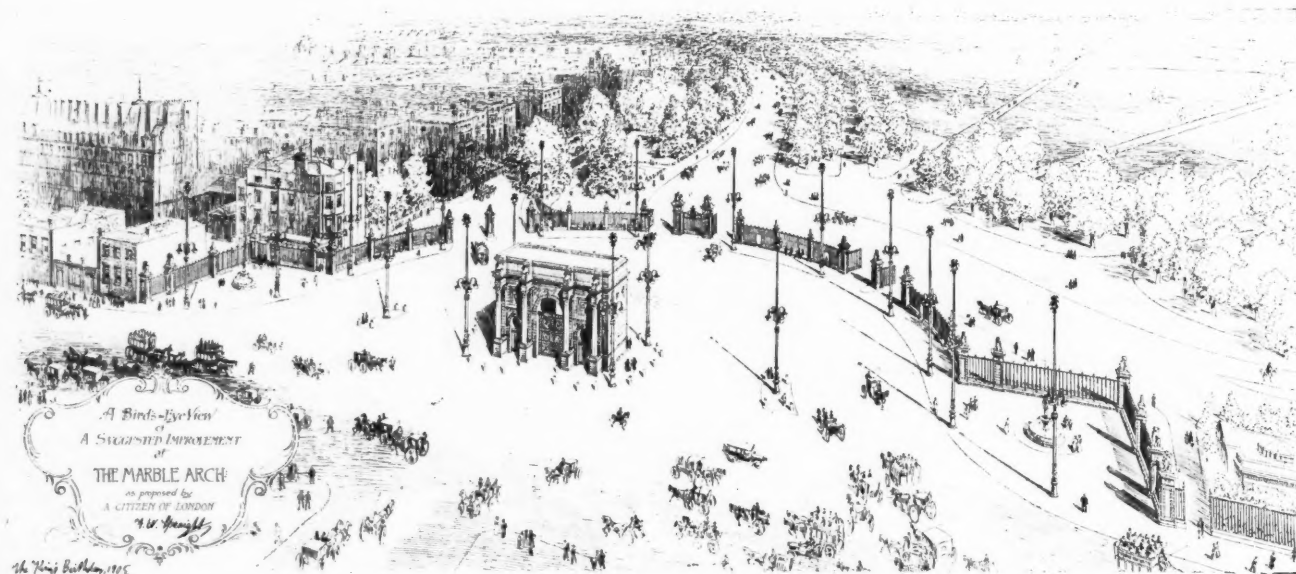
stone dead. The other deer had all risen, and were standing in a bunch; but the dark coat of the switch rendered him easily recognisable, and as he moved forward I fired. He fell at once, but, regaining his feet, struggled a few yards. Then as another bullet struck him he too passed into that shadowy forest where marches are not, and was at rest. My luck had held!

FRANK WALLACE.

THE MARBLE ARCH.

THOSE who go about London in cabs are well aware of the fact that they are more likely to be stopped at the Marble Arch than anywhere else in Town. There is more traffic there than at the Bank or at Charing Cross, and, as the Traffic Commission was not slow to discover, it is much confused and congested by the cross traffic between Edgware Road and Park Lane. Our picture is an illustration of the suggested improvement made by Mr. F. W. Speaight. Readers need scarcely be told that Mr. Speaight is not an architect by profession, but is a citizen of intelligence and taste, and his idea is certainly worthy of consideration. It was, we understand, in the hands of Lord Windsor when Dissolution put an end to his term of office, and it is now being dealt with by his successor, Mr. Lewis Harcourt, the First Commissioner of Works. Mr. Speaight's scheme is to set back the Park railings and make a semi-circular space, of 360ft. in diameter, in the middle of which the Marble Arch would remain. The objection that is certain to be raised to this is that it is a crime to diminish the area of the Park by a single foot. If, however, that can be got over, there

yet the average of the prices is fairly good, although not rising to what was realised in the palmy days of Shire-breeding by men like His Majesty King Edward VII., then H.R.H. Prince of Wales, Lord Rothschild, and Lord Llangattock. For example, the stud at Buscot Park, owned by Sir Alexander Henderson, is undoubtedly one of the most celebrated in England. Sir Alexander, in fact, performed a feat which has no parallel in the history of the breed. He took the championship three years in succession. At his recent sale thirty-five lots were put up to auction, and realised 2,680 guineas, or £80 per head, which may be compared with the prices realised by the breeders mentioned, all of whom attained an average of more than £120. The best prices attained by Sir Alexander Henderson were 310 guineas given by Mr. Tomkins for the three year old filly Twilight; 260 guineas for the yearling filly Buscot Vain Maid given by His Majesty the King; 250 guineas for a brood mare, Poole Duchess, given by Mr. R. W. Hudson; and sums ranging between 100 and 200 guineas given by Sir E. Stearn, Sir P. A. Muntz, and Mr. F. E. Muntz. At the sale of the almost equally celebrated Blaisdon Stud, forty-two lots were sold for an average of about £67. On that occasion the Duke of Norfolk gave 310 guineas for the three year old stallion Blaisdon Barrier, by Hendre Baronet, and Earl Beauchamp gave 280 guineas for Blaisdon Cressy. At Peterborough Mr. T. Simpson Jay attained an average of £116, but then he only sold ten Shires, for one of which Mr. H. Towgood gave 400 guineas, the animal being the three year old Johnson Fairy Queen, by Lockinge Forest King. For another three year old, Wimbledon Fuchsia, by Buscot Senator, Mr. Michaelis gave 200 guineas. These prices for cart-horses are fairly good from one point of view, but they do not compare favourably with those which



are many advantages that would be received in compensation. The beauty of the Marble Arch would be much more apparent if it were isolated, and the traffic arrangements would certainly be improved. Vehicles to and from Paddington *via* Park Lane and Edgware Road would obtain a direct line by passing at the back of the Arch instead of the front, and the traffic leaving the Park would branch off to right or to left without having to come first in front of the Arch, as at present. The cost of the change is roughly estimated at about £15,000. It would undoubtedly simplify and help the traffic, though an objection more or less sentimental is sure to be raised against any encroachment upon the Park itself. The only other objection we take to the plan is the proposal that under the new arrangement the place should be designated the Crescent of Peace, in commemoration of the King's aid towards the establishment of friendly relations with foreign Powers. Of course, our recognition of His Majesty's excellent influence in this direction is unbounded, but there is a touch of sentimentalism in such a phrase as the Crescent of Peace which we are sure would not recommend it to the judgment of the King, who has a particular dislike of all that appertains to terrific diction.

SHIRE HORSE SALES.

THE characteristic of the Shire Horse Sales, as far as they have gone this year, has been a complete absence of anything in the shape of sensational prices, which used to occur with great frequency a few years back, when 1,000, 1,500, and 2,000 guineas were very often given for an exceptionally good stallion. During 1906 there has been nothing of this kind to record,

were commanded a few years ago. Probably the reason lies in the multiplication of those who keep pedigree studs, their number having increased extraordinarily during the last few years. The consequence has been that the general standard has been raised to an immense degree. Animals which would have won a prize easily ten years ago are now dismissed from the ring without more than a glance. No doubt there are a few Shires which, if brought to the market, would still realise very high prices, but it is doubtful if the best of them would be considered worth 2,000 guineas at the present day.

THE GREAT GALE OF 1703.

THE terrific gale of November, 1703, that played such havoc with every part of England and her coasts, was long remembered as the "Great Storm." But of late years it seems to have passed much out of memory, and has even been quite ignored by more than one recent historian of social England. This is the more strange as its results completely disorganised trade, and effected a general derangement of prices that extended over several years. Some of its consequences to the great houses of provincial England have lately been named in these columns, and it may be useful to revive, in brief, the general story of a storm that terrified our forefathers two centuries ago, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End.

The session of Parliament had opened on November 9th, and the House of Commons, realising the extent of the general damage done by the tempest, more particularly in the terrible loss sustained by the Navy, unanimously voted an Address to the

Crown, "expressing the great sense the House had of the calamity fallen upon the kingdom by the late violent storm," and promising all expedition in voting supplies towards making good the serious diminution in vessels of war. Within a few days of the receipt of this Address the Queen issued a proclamation for a public fast to be observed on Wednesday, January 19th. Meanwhile a long prayer was set forth for immediate use morning and evening, "as often as there is divine service," up to the fast day. Therein it is acknowledged that it was only of the Lord's goodness "that we were not all consum'd by the late Winds and Storms." The full form of prayer for the fast day occupies forty-four small quarto pages, and is printed in black-letter.

Oldmixon, the historian (1735), says of this general fast day—which was at that period a usual sequence to any national disaster—that "it was observed throughout England with more signs of devotion and sincerity than ever I saw anything of that kind, the terror the tempest had left on people's minds contributing much to the affectionate discharge of that religious duty." About a score of sermons that were preached on that occasion by eminent or obscure divines, who caused them to be printed, are extant. It is remarkable to notice how readily the Old Testament, written by those who lived in a then much storm-tossed and volcanic region, lends itself to passages suitable for such an occasion. Pertinent texts were chosen for these discourses from the numerous passages in Isaiah, Hosea, Nahum, Joel, and the Psalms, that abound in tempest imagery.

The storm did not arise with any absolute suddenness, for on Thursday, November 25th, the winds were high in the afternoon, and there was some lightning in the evening. On November 26th the wind was south-south-west, and high all day. That night, between eleven o'clock and twelve o'clock, the tempest began to rage. From midnight up to three o'clock on Saturday morning, November 27th, it gradually increased in violence, and continued in almost full force till nearly seven o'clock, when it began slowly to abate. There were but few people throughout England, particularly in the towns, who had the hardihood to stay in their beds. Notwithstanding the fury of the tempest, a considerable proportion of the population of the country districts were not only out of bed, but out of doors, expecting for several hours the complete overthrow of their houses, whether small or large. Defoe, who was himself in a well-built brick house in the outskirts of a city, describes vividly how the stack of chimneys, falling on the house next door, gave the occupants such a shock that they opened the door to escape to the garden, but drew back, preferring to find their graves in the ruin of the house rather than certain and instant destruction in the garden. The peril in the streets and gardens arose from the shower of dislodged tiles, driven with such force that they struck from 5in. to 8in. into the solid earth, whilst pieces of timber and iron and sheets of lead were being flung about in all directions to astonishing distances. In short, he considered there was no safety save in some place at least 200yds. from any building. The wind blew during the storm from various quarters, which considerably increased the disastrous effects. It was south-west till about two o'clock, when it veered to south-south-west, then to the west, and about six o'clock to west-by-north, and then further northward till about seven o'clock, when it began to abate. Thus it came to pass that the *débris* from roofs and chimneys of many isolated houses was found, when Saturday morning dawned, to be literally scattered almost impartially in every direction. Although the storm abated most materially with the rising of the sun, it still blew exceedingly hard, and between three and four in the afternoon the gusts were so strong that there was much alarm lest it was returning in full fury. The gale continued through Sunday and Monday, growing alarmingly violent on Tuesday night, when many families did not go to bed, and much renewed disaster occurred. At last, about one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, December 1st, the winds subsided, and the weather became normal. It was not, therefore, without reason that Defoe claimed for this tempest that it was "the greatest and the longest storm that ever the world saw."

With regard to the damage done in London and the outskirts, grave accounts describe it as seeming absolutely incredible. The houses were "universally stript" of slates and tiles. The price of tiles rose in a single bound from £1 1s. per 1,000 to £6, and the cost of reroofing was so great that a very large number of houses went uncovered all through the winter, and many more, including such places as Christchurch Hospital and the Temple, had to be content for many months with temporary coverings of deal boards. Among the more notable buildings that suffered was St. James's Palace, where several battlements and chimney-stacks were thrown down, killing one woman. The guard-house and banqueting-hall of Whitehall were much damaged, nine soldiers being seriously hurt. A great deal of lead was blown off Westminster Abbey, St. Andrew's, Holborn, Christchurch Hospital, and Chelsea College. Many houses of the nobility in the liberties of Westminster were very much shattered. As to the churches, it is safe to say that not one escaped from serious damage. Two newly-built turrets fell on the top

of the church of St. Mary Aldermary; eight pinnacles on the church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, and part of one of the spires of St. Mary Overies, were blown off, and four pinnacles were overthrown on the steeple of St. Michael Crooked Lane. A hundred fine elms, said to have been planted by Cardinal Wolsey, were uprooted in St. James's Park, some of them 18ft. in girth.

The disasters in the provincial towns were almost equally great. At Northampton, taking only two or three instances, the lead on the roofs of the churches of All Saints, St. Giles, and St. Sepulchre was "rowled up like a Scroll," three windmills belonging to the town were blown down, the Sessions House and the Guildhall much damaged, whilst whole roofs and even whole houses were flung down in many instances. At Stowmarket the church was shattered by the overthrow of the lofty spire. The splendid and celebrated church windows of Fairford, Gloucestershire, suffered most severely; at Leamington the church was stripped of its lead, and a like disaster overtook the majority of churches thus covered in apparently every shire of England. At Oxford, two pinnacles on Magdalen tower and one on Merton were overthrown, as well as battlements on the cathedral. The most remarkable incident in this city was the flinging of several sheets of lead, of 6,000lb. weight, off Queen's College against the west end of St. Peter's Church, with such violence that they broke the iron bars in the windows. Among other places that were severe sufferers, mention may be made of towns so remote from each other as Tewkesbury, Hatfield, Beccles, Ely, Basingstoke, Milford Haven, Helston, Yarmouth, Portsmouth, and Hull.

The damage done to the fruit trees of such counties as Devon, Somerset, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester was appalling. It is stated that in some cases there were hardly any fruit trees left standing "for several miles together." As for timber or forest trees, any attempt to form an estimate of the enormous loss had to be abandoned by Defoe as a downright impossibility. A supposed statement of his as to the overthrow of 17,000 trees in the one county of Kent is often cited in brief encyclopædic paragraphs as to the results of this storm. His real statement is far stronger. He says that he had the curiosity, in the course of many rides through Kent, to count the number of fallen trees; but that when he had reached 17,000 he grew tired and gave it up, and he had reason to believe that he had not observed one half the quantity. Above 4,000 trees fell in the New Forest, and there were over 1,000 trees blown over in each of twenty-five private parks throughout the county, whilst about 450 smaller parks lost over 700 each. The loss from the overthrow and dispersion of stacks of corn and hay was most grievous, as also the damage from high tides at many of the seaports, particularly at Bristol. The actual loss of life Defoe estimates at 8,000; but there are good reasons for thinking that this is too low an estimate.

Grievous as were the results of the great storm on land, its terrible consequences were, naturally, far worse at sea. The disastrous effects on the Navy were most dismal. Sixteen men-of-war, including a mortar bomb-ship, an advice boat, a fire-ship, and a store-ship, were completely wrecked, with a total loss of 708 guns and 2,168 lives. The majority were wrecked on the Goodwin Sands with the loss of almost every soul on board. The Resolution, wrecked on the coast of Suffolk, lost none of her 446 men. The York, wrecked at Harwich, only lost four out of 332 men. Of three vessels lost at Bristol most of the crews were saved. Other of these naval wrecks occurred at Spithead, Yarmouth, and off the coast of Sussex. The Vanguard (ninety guns and 640 men) went down in Chatham Harbour, but, fortunately, neither men nor guns were on board. The most wonderful escape from death among the crews of these men-of-war was that of the solitary survivor of the Mary, wrecked on the Goodwin Sands, with the loss of Rear-Admiral Beaumont and 345 officers and men. This sailor was literally flung by the waves into the Stirling Castle, which itself became a wreck a few minutes later, and he was then picked up by a small coasting collier, being the only one that vessel managed to save. The loss to the Navy would have been far heavier, had not Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was in the Downs with a large contingent of the fleet just returned from the Mediterranean, immediately put out to sea. He succeeded in running out the tempest on the coasts of Holland. For several days it was supposed that the admiral and all his vessels were lost. It will be remembered that this unlucky admiral perished, with a large portion of a British squadron, on the Scilly Isles four years later. The Association, a second-rate of ninety-six guns, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Stafford Fairborne, was driven from the mouth of the Thames to the coast of Norway, losing twenty-eight men through the severity of the hurricane. The loss of small vessels hired into the service and tending the fleet was considerable, "several such vessels, some with soldiers on board, being driven away to sea and never heard of more." The destruction of merchant ships and coasting vessels was unparalleled. An eye-witness of the storm speaks of forty vessels of the merchant service lying wrecked on the Goodwin

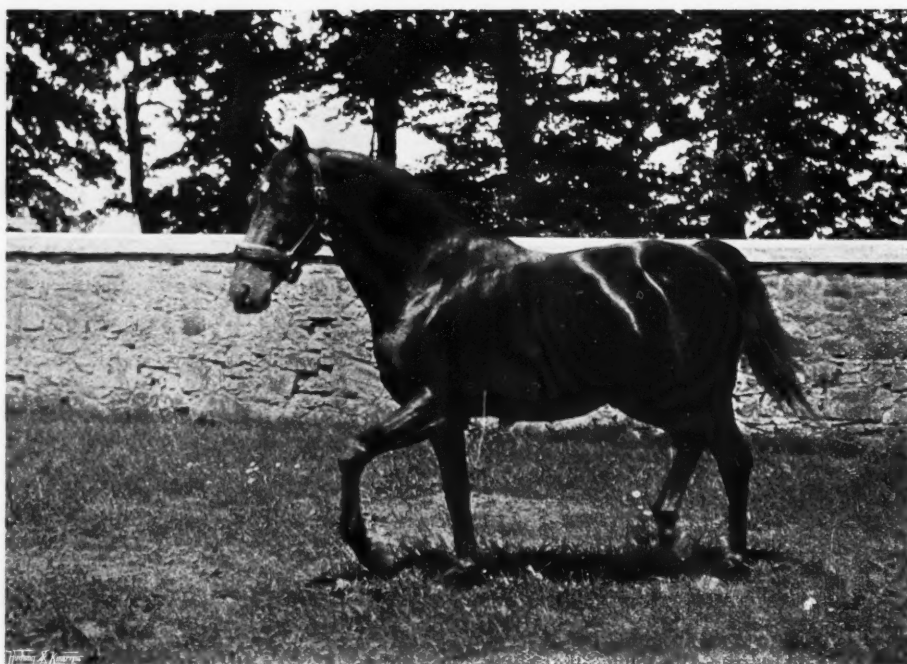
Sands. The damage done to craft of every description, in addition to those totally wrecked, in the Thames and the Severn seems to have baffled any attempt at description. It was several years before our sea-carried trade recovered from this crushing blow.

The disappearance during the gale of the Eddystone Lighthouse, with Mr. Winstanley, its constructor, is the one event of the Great Storm which seems to have laid permanent hold on the public imagination.

CHARLES COX.

BALLYKISTEEN STUD.

WHEN Mr. George Edwardes makes up his mind that a thing is to be done, those who know him are well assured that the matter in hand will be done thoroughly. Into the midst of a life of exceptional mental and physical strain there came to him the idea that in his leisure moments he would found and develop a stud farm, and a visit to Ballykisteen at the present day will satisfy the visitor that, if it is not in mortals to command success, Mr. Edwardes has at least left no stone unturned in his efforts to create a thoroughly well-equipped breeding establishment. The stud farm stands on the site or what was formerly Lord Derby's home farm, and covers an area of about 360 acres. The land is of excellent quality for the purpose of rearing thorough-bred stock, and is similar in nature to that on which Mr. J. Gubbins has reared so many famous race-horses. The old Lodge now serves as a residence for Mr. J. W. Harris, the stud manager, who has had a long and practical experience as a breeder on his own account, and who also had the advantage of being brought up under the supervision of his father, himself a large and successful breeder. Mr. Harris, sen., it may be mentioned, was the purchaser of Victor, the sire of Valour, and of numbers of good steeplechase horses, and narrowly escaped becoming the owner of Vedette as well, that horse having been offered to him for 40 guineas on the same afternoon that Victor fell



W. A. Rouch. THE PREMIER STALLION IN HIS PADDOCK.

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which afterwards bore the name of Galopin. Under these circumstances, if Mr. Edwardes is not able to visit his stud as often as he would wish to do, he has, at all events, the satisfaction of knowing that the management of it has been entrusted to thoroughly capable hands.

Although the farm buildings, stables, sheds, etc., at Ballykisteen were amply sufficient for the purposes of the home farm, they were totally inadequate to the requirements of a large stud, and extensive alterations and additions were necessary. The improvements have been carried out with such effect that at the time of our visit accommodation had been provided for 23 yearlings, 35 foals, 52 mares, and 5 stallions—114 in all, and one may note in passing that more land will be necessary if the stud is to retain its present dimensions with success; but this is a matter which will, no doubt, receive attention in due course. There is a somewhat prevalent notion that in Ireland things are done in a careless, haphazard fashion; but at Ballykisteen a visitor will find on every side order, cleanliness, a strict attention to detail and routine, and a wisely-ordered economy in the management. The great covered-in stacks of straw, and huge haystacks symmetrically arranged, are good to look at, and the long, lofty granary, with its varnished pitch-pine ceiling and the shapely heaps of oats from County Clare, is a place to remember. It is of interest to note that although the oats have



W. A. Rouch. SANTOI, BY QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY—MERRY WIFE.

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to his bid; and it is interesting to note, in the light of latter-day knowledge, that at the very time that Vedette was so offered for sale, and eventually sold outright for 42 guineas, Flying Duchess was carrying the foal by him

been well cleaned previous to being stored in the granary, they go through a further cleansing process by passing down the shoot of a self-acting oat cleaner when being distributed for use. This is a most excellent apparatus, very simple of construction,

and thoroughly efficacious in effect, dust and dirt being removed from the corn and deposited in another compartment of the shoot. The main water supply is provided by a pumping apparatus, which is supplemented by large tanks for storage of rain water, and there is a capital steaming apparatus for making mashies, boiling turnips, linseed, and other foodstuffs. The plan employed is a good one, a small boiler being fitted with steam-jacketed tanks on either side. The first range of stabling consists of 29 lofty boxes with pitch-pine roofing, and may be taken as fairly typical of the rest of the accommodation at this stud; other ranges are the Grove range with 28 boxes, and the "Long" range with 17. There are five stallions in residence at the stud, and the boxes provided for them in the stallion yard are good practical examples of what such stabling should be; they are very roomy, lofty, and exceptionally well ventilated, and in connection with them there is a paddock completely walled in, for exercise and other purposes.

Santoi (1), by right of his deeds on the Turf, if for no other reason, is the first of the stallions to be shown, and the son of Queen's Birthday II out of Merry Wife (1) has certainly grown into a magnificent specimen of a thorough-bred sire; short backed, short legged, with immense power, and plenty of quality as well, it is a revelation of ease and truth of movement to see him trot round the paddock, quite at liberty, but bending himself and placing his head as though he were bitted and bridled. Somehow, as one watches him, one is reminded of some of the old pictures, in which every now and again an old-time painter would seize upon and portray movement and life with an effect far beyond that which one is accustomed to see in modern paintings of horses. Time flies fast, and although it is but a few years since Santoi retired from the race-course, it may be well to remember that, amongst other performances, he won the Kempton Park Great Jubilee Handicap of £2,665, carrying 8st. 9lb., beating a field of good horses in the record time of 2min. 5sec., and the Ascot Gold Cup of £3,560. He is inbred to Beadsman and Queen Mary, and it may, perhaps, have escaped the notice of breeders that his sire, Queen's Birthday, is of the same family as St. Simon, Nunthorpe, Orme, and Merman. It is usually a token of promise for the future when a stallion stamps his progeny with his own likeness, and the majority of the young Santois have not a little of their sire's wonderful depth of girth and powerful back and loins. After Santoi comes Wavelet's Pride (9), a good-looking bay horse, foaled in 1897, by Fernandez (19) (own brother to Isonomy) out of Wavelet. He is a lengthy, racing-like animal, with the best and cleanest of limbs, notwithstanding all the hard work he went through in his racing career, in the course of which he won good hurdle-races, as well as important handicaps and the Doncaster Cup on the flat. He was a horse of great constitution and courage, qualities which he is sure to impart to his stock, some of which will come under notice in the course of this article. Foaled in 1891, Vitez (8) is a chestnut horse by Melton (8) out of Kittiwake (8). His pedigree is worthy of study, especially from the point of view of breeders who may own mares who are deficient in sire blood. He is an old sort of horse in some respects, being quite one of the long, low, lengthy kind; he shows class, and has fine reach and rein, is well let down, good to follow, and has well-placed shoulders; for some time he was buried away in Devonshire, where, with the few chances afforded him, he got such horses as Vibrant, Ventriloquist, and Violent. That he will become the sire of good race-horses is the firm conviction of the writer. Ortollo (1), by Bend Or out of Napoli, and therefore own brother to Orvieto and Laveno, is a lengthy bay horse of good quality; his forehead and legs show unmistakable evidence of his descent from Macaroni, but he is full of the best strains of running blood, and is sure to get good winners if a little attention is paid to the pedigree and conformation of the mares sent to him. Fifth on the list of the Ballykisteen stallions comes the recent arrival Uncle Mac (11), a stoutly-bred chestnut horse by Hagioscope out of Matilda, and



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WAVELET'S PRIDE.

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VITEZ.

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ORTOLO.

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FILLY BY VITEZ—PERSEVERE.

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W. A. Rouch,

COLT BY SANTOI—FEUFOLLET.

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W. A. Rouch,

COLT BY SANTOI—ACHRAY.

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own brother to Queen's Birthday; he was foaled in 1894, and was a fairly good race-horse himself, having won the Chester Cup, Kempton Park May Handicap, Markeaton Stakes, Scarborough Stakes, and other races, besides being placed in the Great Metropolitan Handicap, Great Yorkshire Stakes, and the Free Handicap. He has been standing at Baumber Park, and his first lot of yearlings sold well at the Doncaster sales. Their chief characteristics are plenty of bone and a general likeness to their sire. I cannot help thinking, from his breeding and from a personal inspection of his yearlings already alluded to, that this horse is sure to make a name for himself at the stud, and neither Irish nor English breeders should neglect the present opportunity of availing themselves of his services at the very moderate fee now placed upon them. Space will hardly permit of dealing with the brood mares in detail; but Mr. Harris suggests a capital plan, which is full of interest, namely, to see a mare, her foal, and her yearling at the same time, and the first to put in an appearance under these conditions is Rot, a lengthy brown mare by Sainfoin out of Chimera (dam of Thunderbolt), with a sharp-looking chestnut filly foal by Santoi, and a really good, sturdy, well-grown chestnut yearling colt by the same sire, and one notices both in the foal and the yearling how the strength and power of Santoi have, so to speak, corrected the lack of those qualities in the dam. Following in the wake of Rot comes Achray, an Australian-bred mare by Martini Henry out of Acme, by Chester. She is a sturdy, short-legged mare herself, but her filly foal by Santoi has got plenty of length and liberty, and her yearling brother is a colt of immense power and substance, which is not surprising when his sire and dam are taken into consideration. Wedding Eve, a chestnut mare by Rhidoroch out of Cock-a-Hoop, is already the dam of seven winners, and she marches up to us with a filly foal by Santoi, with that air of quiet assurance which is quite to be expected from so distinguished a personage. The mare herself has much of the Birdcatcher type, and is in fact descended from "the Birdcatcher mare," some of whose curious markings are reproduced in her descendant; her chestnut yearling filly, also by Santoi, is full of high spirits, and is quite a lengthy sort, although both sire and dam are remarkably short coupled animals. May Girl, the dam of Clorane, one of the best horses that ever looked through a bridle, is denied admission to the Stud Book, but here she is, and one sees at once where Clorane's ears came from; a rare sort of mare, full of character, short legged, and with wonderful back and loins, and she has with her a foal which Santoi has made entirely after his own fashion; make, shape, and the beautiful action of the hocks are all there, and this youngster will race unless I am quite mistaken. There are other youngsters by Santoi, nearly all of which are good specimens of the stock this sire can get; but it is time to see some of the sons and daughters of Wavelet's Pride, and few breeders can show a more racing-like youngster than the black and brown filly by that sire out of Ellen-Fiag, a brown mare by Barcalaine out of Incognita. Another smart-looking filly by Wavelet's Pride is out of Geisha, by Pride out of Acheen, a mare by Dutch Skater, and his filly out of Irish Swallow is also quite a useful-looking foal. Then come some of the stock got by Vitez, the first of which is a strong, active bay colt out of Sentinelle, own sister to Santoi; he has also a chestnut colt foal out of Country Belle, a nice-looking, true-made stamp of brood mare, and a sharp, active bay filly out of a mare by Royal Sovereign out of Beaulieu Lass, by Heron. The stallions at Ballykisteen are all in hard condition and get plenty of exercise, and the mares and foals all bear witness to the care and attention bestowed upon them. But owing to an unavoidable delay in publication the foals and yearlings alluded to are now to be considered as yearlings and two year olds respectively.

If one had not known that Hackler's Pride was safe on the other side of the Channel, one would certainly have felt sure that the mare being led past that big haystack was the same which we had seen win two Cambridgeshires; but as Mr. Quinlan and his mare come nearer the likeness becomes less apparent, although the resemblance between Comma and

her famous daughter is still patent enough to the most casual observer, especially about the head and forehead. There are still many mares and young stock to look at, but it is impossible to do justice to Ballykisteen in the space of one day. The shadows are swathing the Galtee Range in a purple gloom;

a lingering trace of the glory of sunset falls on the summit of Galtee More; a peaceful light hovers for a few brief moments on the once hallowed ruins nesting in the shadow of Ard Patrick; and it is time that we, too, seek our shelter for the night.
T. H. B.

FORDE'S HOSPITAL AT COVENTRY.

THE ancient midland city of Coventry is a place of eager industry. When ribbon-weaving would no longer keep it prosperous, it turned to watch-making, and when America and Switzerland hammered the English watch trade, Coventry turned easily to the making of bicycles.

Without doubt the coming of the aeroplane cab and the omnibus of the air will find Coventry workshops ready for the new industry whenever it shall rise. Nevertheless Coventry, like busy Nuremberg, remembers the old days, and remains a city in which the antiquary may walk happily.

For this is a city of old fame, and does not need its garish procession of the Lady Godiva—a mere modernity of but two centuries' standing—to remind its citizens how Leofric, Earl of Mercia, the friend of the Church and the enemy of the Godwinsons, built St. Mary's church and monastery at Coventry, round which Coventry grew to be a great town and a city. Godgifu, his wife, joined with him in the foundation, and lies within one of the church porches, as her husband's bones lie in another. Leofric's traditional piety and his free-handed giving to the church have made timid historians shrink from the ancient tale which tells how Godgifu, to free Coventry from grievous tolls, took up her lord's barbarous jest and rode her horse through the town clad only in her long shining hair; but we have at the least no good reason for casting the story into the waste-basket of history beside the tale of Alfred and the cakes. Though Leofric is known for a wise statesman, a stout Englishman, and a benefactor of monks, we need not clothe the great earl of the midlands in such drab respectability as to deny him a freak of the rude humour of his forefathers. Need we, then, too nice for an old tale of gallant charity, put away the lady's ride and the fate of Peeping Tom with its sound moral. Coventry, at least, which has seen Godgifu's semblance ride along the street in silk tights, will not fail in gratitude to this noble lady, and will regret the fair south window of Trinity Church in which Leofric hailed his dame with a scroll whose writing was

I Luriche for love of thee
Do make Coventry toll-free.

Godgifu, the widow, left the monastery church ablaze with gold and gems, an abbot and twenty-four monks of the rule of St. Benet singing in the stalls. The abbey brought strangers to Coventry, and strangers brought trade, until Earl Leofric's villa became a rich town of craftsmen, memorable for its noble buildings, second to none for its walls, gates, and towers. In the time of Edward III. its citizens bought their liberties and the right to have a corporation with a mayor and bailiffs, to keep a common seal, and maintain a prison. Other churches rose beside St. Mary's, chief amongst them being that stately church of the Grey Friars, which was laid low after its friars

had surrendered it to King Henry VIII. by an instrument in whose sentences these unhappy ones who had once carried it so proudly in Coventry, miserably confessed that "the perfection of Christian living doth not consist in dumb ceremonies, wearing of a grey coat, disguising ourselves after strange fashions, ducking, nodding and becking, in girding ourselves with a girdle full of knots and other like papistical ceremonies, wherein we had been most principally practised and misled in times past."

Coventry may have seen with an even mind the friars and their church taken by their fate, but it must have missed them sorely by the next Corpus Christi Day, for these friars were great encouragers of the yearly pageants in which the story of the Old and New Testaments were set forth by skilled players in gay dresses upon stages which rolled on wheels through each quarter of the city. Kings and princes came to view the Coventry plays, and with them a crowd of strangers, whose money was welcome in the Coventry shops and booths.

Grey friars priory church went down, but Forde's Hospital, sometimes called Grey-friars Hospital, had risen hard by the priory to carry on the memory of the name of the perished



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THE WESTERN OR STREET FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

church. Sir William Dugdale described this hospital in White Friars Lane as having been founded in 1529 by William Forde of Coventry, a merchant of the staple, but the date is certainly an error, and the date of foundation must be set earlier in the sixteenth century. A search amongst original evidences shows that one William Pysforde, a citizen and grocer of Coventry, and a merchant of the staple of Calais, made a will in 1517,

Coventry, of good name and fame, "and suche as sumtyme have ben of good honestie and kept housholde and so the worlde fallen from theym that they be brought into great nede"—old folk of sixty years or more, or impotent and lame. William Forde's foundation had made an allowance of fivepence weekly to each poor couple in his house, but William Pysforde increased the payment to sevenpence. Henry Pysforde of Coventry seems



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DOORWAY IN THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

giving a charge upon certain houses in the city, including his own dwelling-house, together with lands in Gadsby, towards "the almes money that is wekely payde to the pouer folkes in the almes hows in Grayffrere lane that is bylded and founded by the will of William Forde late of Coventre, merchant of the staple at Caleis decessed." The almshouse was therefore built before 1517, and the will of the same William Pysforde tells us that those whom it was to benefit were to be poor folk of

soon afterward to have been a third benefactor of the house, which was newly ordered by William Wigston, who had been given power by William Forde and William Pysforde to amende their rules. William Wigston settled five couples as the number of inmates, and appointed a nurse or matron, "an honest poor woman of Coventry," to be their keeper, to dress their meat and to wash them and minister to them. All these good people were kinsfolk, for William Forde seems to have been the first husband of Agnes

the daughter of William Pysforde and sister of Henry Pysforde, which Agnes took William Wigston for a second husband.

For about a hundred years William Forde's charity did its kind office to the poor Coventry householders from whom the world had fallen away. Then misfortune came suddenly upon the house. William Pysforde had provided that a priest should sing mass once or twice a week in the house-chapel for the benefit of those sick and feeble ones who could no longer drag themselves to church, and in the chapel and at St. Michael's Church the souls of Fordes and Pysfordes were to be had in mind. King James's lawyers swooped upon this clause in the muniments of the charity, and although the "sad and discreet" priest had long ceased from his singing, the houses and lands of the charity were declared to be held secretly for superstitious uses, being therefore forfeit to the crown.

At this time the city of Coventry showed itself honourably jealous of the good works of its dead and gone citizens. The chamber of the city counted out broad pieces to the rapacious lawyers of the crown, the Gadsby lands and the houses in Grey

timbered houses than does Coventry, and neither city can show aught finer than the narrow courtyard of Forde's Hospital.

The main building is an oblong of the proportions of a square and a-half, and our first picture shows the street front of the western end, with its three bold gables hanging over the roadway. On each side of the door is a window of nine narrow lights, divided into three bays by uprights, whose graceful buttresses end in pinnacle points. The tracery at these window heads is carved from solid oak into which the glass is not framed, for the panes are whole behind it.

Above our heads runs a string-course, richly carved, from which rises the upper storey with its three dormer windows thrust forward on curved brackets; the middle window lighting the room which was once the chapel in which William Pysforde's priest was to sing his mass for the sick and infirm. The three barge-boards of the gables follow each a different device of the carver, but when we look at the front as a whole, we see that although the carver wrought well, the chief beauty of this house lies less in its planned ornament than in the graceful lines which



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THE COURTYARD LOOKING EASTWARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Friars Lane were redeemed, and with the city at its back the old charity went on with new strength, so that it endures to our own time as a safe harbour for old Coventry folk of shipwrecked fortunes. In 1621 the city added another couple to the family of the hospital, and Alderman Norton gave wherewith to maintain another. The original fivepence a week crept upward as the cost of living and the rental of the hospital lands increased. By the time of Charles II. the allowance was two shillings, not to speak of coals and blue gowns, and the present inmates are spared the problem of buying provender in Coventry Market at the prices which prevailed "before the friars went hence," when, as an old ballad reminds us,

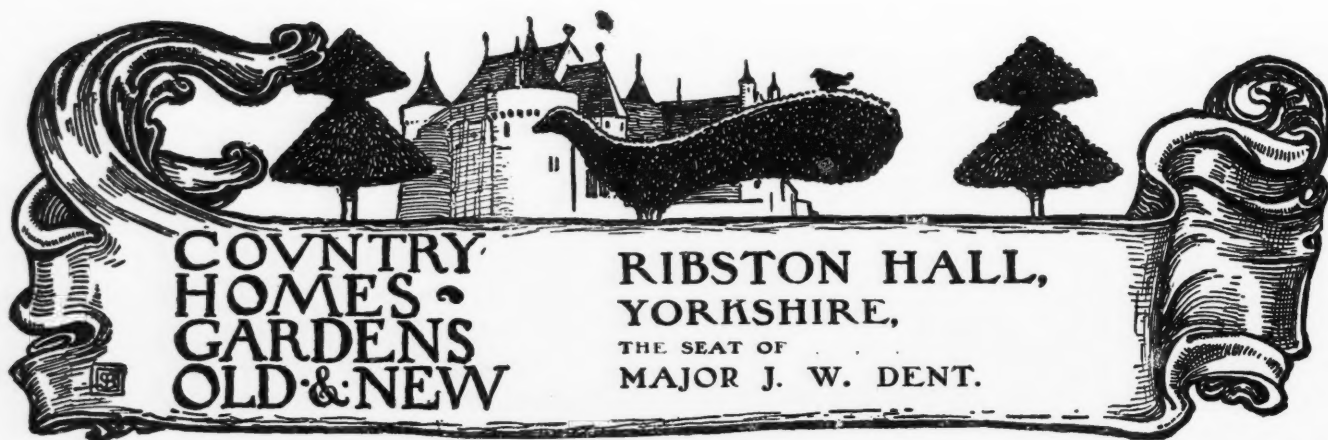
—a bushel of the finest wheat
Was sold for eighteen pence.

But the tale of Forde's charity need not be sought in muniment rooms. The goodly house he built stands in Grey Friars Lane, one of the most perfect as of the most beautiful examples of old English timber-framed architecture. Amongst English cities perhaps Chester alone gives greater choice of

spring from the constructional needs of a well-planned house of timber and plaster.

The courtyard, upon which the main door gives through a passage under the floor of the old chapel, is a jewel of the house-framer's work. Here, again, we have those light buttresses with pinnacles which are found in the front, carved beams, barge-boards, and spandrels, the battlemented hip-knobs of the gables being apparently restorations. The little court is about 40ft. by 12ft., measured upon the flagstones, the light from above coming through a much smaller space, by reason of the thrust-out first storey and the over-hanging eaves. Each corner of the court is filled with a comfortable oaken seat for the old folk resting in the open air in this quiet place.

The Gothic feeling of the work leaves little room for doubt that we have here the ancient building of Master William Forde, which his father-in-law's will describes as already standing in 1517, and the additions at the east end of the main block of the work are so nearly in keeping that they may perhaps be the result of the Pysfordes' augmentation of the charity.



WELL known to most visitors to Knaresborough, that most picturesque old town of Yorkshire, and in a beautiful part of the valley of the winding Nidd, before it flows out into the open plain, stands the historic house of Major Dent. The region is one of great natural beauties and of high historic interest, and within the walls of Ribston Hall secret discussions have been held which have had their influence upon English history. Here, in ancient times, in the parish of Hunsingore, was founded by Robert de Ros or Roos a commandery of the Knights of Solomon's Temple, and in September, 1444, the Bishop of Philippi dedicated and reconsecrated the chapel at Ribston. When the Dissolution came, Ribston fell into the hands of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the King's brother-in-law, much enriched with the spoils of many monastic possessions. But the Duke could not retain all his vast landed estates, and in 1545 he sold the manor of Ribston, with other possessions in that part of England, to Henry Goodricke of Wisbeach in the Isle of Ely, second son of William Goodricke of East Kirby, and brother of Thomas Goodricke, Bishop of Ely and Lord Chancellor in the time of Edward VI. The Goodricks converted the ecclesiastical possession at Ribston into a residential domain, and there was built a manor house in which they dwelt, more

than a century before the present edifice arose upon the site. The situation must have been tempting to one who wished to establish himself in that romantic part of England, for there was much of wood and water, a winding river, a healthful situation, a fishery, and much opportunity for sport. The fine eminence upon which the house stands is more than half encompassed by the river Nidd, and the estate and park are widely extended, and have been developed, in the course of centuries, and in the hands of many eminent men, into a seat which ranks among the most important in Yorkshire, as our illustrations will testify.

Henry Goodricke died in London in 1556, and was succeeded by his second son Richard in the possession of what he described in his will as "my manor howse called Ribston Hall," with other neighbouring estates. This Richard Goodricke, who acted as High Sheriff of Yorkshire, was followed by another Richard, born about 1560, who enhanced the position of his family by marrying a daughter of the second Lord Eure, a lady of very distinguished and Royal descent traced with certainty up to King Alfred. Their son, Sir Henry Goodricke, knighted by James I., was at one time vice-president of the Northern Council, and throughout his life proved himself a very active man in his shire. By his wife, who was a daughter of Sir John Savile of Methley, he had many sons, but six of them



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RIBSTON HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

died young or unmarried, and his seventh son, John, came into possession of the estate in 1641, being created a baronet in the same year. He was a strong Royalist, and suffered very heavily in the King's cause, to which he early showed devotion. In 1638 he received a commission in Lord Fairfax's regiment, and in the following year he wrote a letter ordering a buff suit in London, and enquiring the price of a complete suit of armour, saying he intended "to attend his Majesty this summer in arms as a

private gentleman, if not as a captain." In 1641 he married the daughter and co-heiress of Stephen Norcliffe of York, but was very soon caught up in the vortex of civil war, and saw little more of his young bride. When hostilities broke out he had command of a troop under the Earl of Newcastle, which he led at the siege of Bradford, in December, 1642, when he was seriously wounded, and his horse killed under him with a scythe. Soon afterwards he was taken prisoner, and, after being held in durance at Manchester, was sent to the Tower of London, where he languished several years, during which time his wife died. There is preserved at Ribston Hall a French Bible, which he had brought



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LEADING TO THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

from Tours as a present from his father, and when he was in prison his mother sent it to him for his comfort, enjoining him to care for it well, because it contained his father's handwriting. The imprisoned cavalier wrote in it a characteristic sentence, which still remains: "I have found by experience that the Bible is most profitably read when a man reads it in his mother tongue, however he understands it in foreign languages, and (as the food we are accustomed to is) soonest digested into proper

nourishment." The whole estate was valued at about £650 per annum, and Goodricke was allowed to compound, after all his sufferings, in the sum of £1,200. He subsequently married the daughter of the third Lord Fairfax.

The second baronet, to whom Ribston Hall owes much of its character, was his son by his first wife, and was also a man of very great importance in his time. He was a soldier, and commanded a regiment of foot, disbanded in 1679, but meanwhile he had proceeded to Madrid as Envoy Extraordinary. There he got into difficulties owing to the anger of the populace at the policy of Charles II. He had already carried out a great deal of



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FROM THE WESTERN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

work at his ancestral home, which he repaired very extensively, if he did not actually rebuild a large portion of the edifice. The date 1674 is above the entrance-door, which has Ionic pillars and a well-executed pediment and shield of arms. The main frontage, without remarkable features, is a very elegant and typical illustration of the newer spirit in English domestic architecture,

hanging birds, fruit, leaves, and flowers, all in the best style of the master.

This Sir Henry Goodricke, the second baronet, who thus created the house anew, was a very active supporter of the Prince of Orange, as may be read in "Reresby's Memoirs." Indeed, he took a chief part in establishing the new King in the



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BY GRINLING GIBBONS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which was tending to displace the last elements of the earlier forms. The great saloon, which is 44ft. long by 31ft. wide, is very handsomely decorated in the Renaissance style, and is said to have been completed in his time. The library also bears evidence of the great care devoted to the beautifying of the place, and has some admirable carving by Grinling Gibbons, including

North, and the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Danby were often at Ribston Hall concerting with him the measures by which the Revolution should be brought about. When the time was ripe Goodricke went to Knaresborough, and interrupted a meeting of Roman Catholic magistrates assembled in the Town Hall there, and, informing them that the authority under which they were



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LEADWORK.

"C.L."



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STONWORK.

"C.L."

sitting had been superseded, proclaimed William III. King. He was rewarded for his services by being made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance in 1689, as well as a Privy Councillor, and he held the former office until June, 1702. He was also one of the Commissioners to enquire into the conduct of Torrington at the battle of Beachy Head, in which that officer kept his fleet "in being," thus establishing a strategic formula hotly discussed in modern times.

There is preserved at Ribston Hall an engraving of the place by I. Kip, after a drawing by L. Knyff, the date of which is about 1674, showing the long frontage of the house, with its central door, many-windowed wall, cornice, and characteristic roofs. Buildings are depicted behind forming a quadrangle and stable quarters, with bell cupola, and an open space and gates are seen beyond. In front of the house is shown an enclosed space of turf, with vases on pedestals, and at the inner angles are seen handsome garden-houses. To this terrace there is a handsome balustrade or edging, with a noble descent to a lower garden, which overlooks the river from the boundary wall. This latter is a remarkable feature in Knyff's drawing, for it seems to surround the place, and to be constructed almost as a fortified



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A GARDEN STATUE.

"C.L."

enceinte, with angle bastions, quite appropriate, it might be said, to the home of the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. The house and garden are depicted as standing high above the river, and there are gardens and orchards both inside the wall and on the river bank on the right side of the house; on the left is another enclosed garden in formal manner, with sentinel-like yews and garden-houses, while outside in the park are herds of deer and distant woods.

Many changes have passed over Ribston Hall since that time, but it still remains as a fine place, with gardens of more modern form, and the trees, which were then and subsequently planted, have now grown to great size. There are notable oaks, Oriental planes, old mulberries, and many other trees. While we are speaking of the garden, it may be suitable to allude to one matter which has given special fame to Ribston Hall. Here it was that the famous Ribston pippin was first grown. Hargrove in his "History of Knaresborough," 1798, thus speaks of it: "This place is remarkable for the produce of a delicious apple called the Ribstone Park pippin. The original tree was raised from a pippin brought from France, from which tree such numbers have been propagated that they are now to be met with in almost every orchard in this and many other

countries. Notwithstanding the increase the fruit still retains its value, being preferred before every other apple this country produces. The old tree is yet standing, and in the year 1787 produced six bushels of fruit."

After this "excursus," we must go back to the second baronet. Attached to the hall is the ancient chapel of St. Andrew, commonly called Ribston Hall Chapel, wherein are some memorials of the Templars, as well as of the Goodricke family. In the south wall is a tablet recording its restoration by Sir Henry Goodricke. "This ancient free church of St. Andrew was repaired and embellished by Sir Harry Goodricke, in the twelfth year of King William, our deliverer from Popery and slavery, who with Mary, his beloved wife, designed to be interred in God's appointed time in the new vault at the west end of this church. The lady was a daughter of Colonel William Legge, and a sister of George Lord Dartmouth."

Sir Henry Goodricke, the builder of Ribston Hall, was succeeded by his half-brother Sir John in March, 1705, but the latter's son Sir Henry, the fourth baronet, came into possession at the end of the same year, his father not surviving many months. The fourth baronet appears to have been very much interested in his estate and his family. It is on record that he wrote to Wotton in correction of his baronetage, referring particularly to the two naked boys which the Goodrickes had used as supporters to their arms since 1575, as he thought by favour of Queen Elizabeth. The baronet died in 1738, and was succeeded by Sir John Goodricke, a member of Parliament, Privy Councillor, and Envoy Extraordinary to Stockholm, where he long resided. The sixth baronet married the heiress of Viscount Clermont, and his son, Sir Henry James Goodricke, who succeeded to the title in 1802, thus inherited vast estates in Ireland, his annual rental having been estimated at £40,000. It would appear that before his time Ribston Hall had already undergone many changes, and, although he took much interest in his estate, he was accustomed to reside at Melton Mowbray in the hunting season, for he was well known in the sporting world, and from 1831 to 1833 was Master of the Quorn Hounds, the whole expenses of which he defrayed. This Sir Harry Goodricke, though he was very popular with his sporting friends, appears not to have been a great favourite with his immediate relatives, for whom he had no liking. Into the reasons for his action it is unnecessary to enquire, but by his will he disinherited the next heir, his cousin, the eighth and last baronet, and also excluded from any benefits his three aunts, who were his co-heirs. The whole estate was left to a sporting friend, Mr. Francis Lyttleton Holyoake of Studley Castle, Warwickshire, who subsequently added the name of Goodricke to his own, and was created a baronet "of Ribston, County York," in 1835; but his honour died with his son in 1888. Mr. Holyoake took possession of Ribston, but let it, and in 1836 entered into negotiations through an agent to sell it. He desired that the transaction should attract the least attention, and his agent was instructed not to publish the name of the place, nor to issue any public announcement



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THE WESTERN LAWN.

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THE RIVER NIDD.

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FROM THE SOUTH LAWN.

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of the sale. It was described, as it might be to-day, as situated in the most favoured part of Yorkshire, and as a "mansion of importance, with extensive grounds in the highest possible order, and hot and succession houses of great extent." It was, at the time, "inadequately let." "The estate surrounding it, which may be termed a little principality, extends to 4,110 acres of land in the highest possible state of preservation, lying entirely within a ring fence, the reduced rental from which is £5,860 a year."

The purchaser of the beautiful estate was Mr. Joseph Dent of Winterton, County Lincoln, J.P., who completely identified himself with this part of Yorkshire, and was High Sheriff of the

is fortunately characteristic of many great estates in that part of England. The river Nidd, with its enchanting character, is one of the chief charms of the park, to which it adds great diversity. The view from the south lawn, with the stone bridge spanning the river, is very charming, and we may say that the real attraction of Ribston, in its pleasance, arises from the richness of the wood, water, and green spaces that distinguish it. As will be seen, there are some very notable features in the garden; the two charming children on a pedestal and other examples of sculpture are noteworthy, as is the graceful group of three children in lead. Interesting, therefore, in many ways is the old house of Ribston, and though the Goodrickses, its old possessors,

have departed, their successors value and maintain the place with that love for the beauties of Nature and Art in domestic creation which is so strong in English gentlemen.

Since writing the above we have received the following interesting note from the owner of Ribston Hall: "The chapel or church of St. Andrew was certainly built before 1231, as in an award made by the Archbishop of York in that year between the Knights Templars and the Rector of Ribston it is described as the chapel situated within the churchyard at Ribbestaine. It was reconsecrated in 1444, after the suppression of the Knights Templars, when it had passed into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers. With regard to the old Ribston Pippin, the tree now standing is *practically* the original tree, and it cannot be said to have died in 1840."

IN THE GARDEN.

ROSES IN COLD PITS.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following useful note: "The amateur gardener would find this way of growing Roses an excellent and inexpensive one, and the practice is particularly useful for those lovers of the Rose who live in smoky and unfavourable districts. A range of pits with the lights sloping south is recommended, and they should be about 3½ ft. deep at the back, and 2 ft. in front. If it were practicable to have a 2 in. hot-water pipe to run through the range of pits the growth of the Roses would be hastened, but this is not indispensable. In gardens where there are greenhouses it is often no trouble to add such a pipe as I have named. I should use it to run along the base, so as to give a gentle bottom-heat, which is so conducive to a healthy growth. Having provided the pits, the question arises what to put in them. This really should have been attended to in autumn, as plants potted up then from the open ground make the best material to use. If these are not in stock plants should be purchased, and when received at once pruned, cutting hard back to good plump

eyes. The Hybrid Perpetuals and some of the Hybrid Teas are the best to grow in cold pits. Varieties such as Frau Karl Druschki, Mrs. John Laing, Ulrich Brunner, Captain Hayward, Caroline Testout, La France, and Belle Siebricht are first-rate. Such plants are usually potted in 7 in. and 8 in. pots. Prune them back to about 6 in. from the top of the pot to an eye looking outward. Keep the lights on during cold weather, but take advantage of mild days to give plenty of air; the harder they can be brought up the better, and a steady growth is preferable throughout. When the new growth is about an inch long the plants should be given a good watering, and it is important that the ball of soil be wetted right through. From this time care must be taken in watering and giving air. When the wind is blowing hard a little air at the top is sufficient, and at other times it should be given on the side away from the wind. Make



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ON THE SOUTH FRONT.

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county in 1847. His family had borne the name of Tricket, and was of Hillfoot, near Sheffield, but, on succeeding to maternal estates at Winterton, adopted the name of Dent. Mr. Dent's son was Mr. John Dent Dent, J.P., D.L., who represented Knaresborough in Parliament in 1852-57, and was the father of Major Dent, the present owner.

It will be seen from the illustrations that the interesting house, internally and externally, in its gardens and grounds, is maintained in the highest state of cultivation and perfection, as so interesting and notable a place deserves to be. Since Mr. Joseph Dent purchased the place, a very great deal has been done to beautify and enrich it, and the whole estate has been brought to a condition which

a practice of closing the lights by three o'clock in the afternoon. Fumigate with McDougall's Tobacco sheets when aphides are seen, and if mildew be troublesome vaporise with sulphur vaporiser. Flowers of almost exhibition standard may be developed in this way, and they will be at least four weeks earlier than those out of doors. A weak stimulant must be given when the flower-buds are seen. This, if made from cow-manure and soot, is as safe and effective as the more expensive fertilisers, and this could be given alternately with liquid sheep-manure."

WATERING PLANTS IN WINTER.

Delicate plants are frequently much injured in winter through being watered with cold water. As one well-known horticulturist wrote: "It may be laid down as a safe principle that when water is given to plants it should always be about the same temperature as that of the house in which the plants are growing. During winter, when cold winds and frosts prevail, cold water should never be used in a warm greenhouse; it is always best for the water to be warmed 3deg. or 4deg. above the temperature of the house." The application of water is a matter of some importance; the soil in the pots should be kept as nearly as possible at a uniform degree of moisture, that being between wetness and drought. To secure this it is wise to examine the plants daily. Bad drainage results in injury to plants when they are over-watered. If the soil is porous and the drainage good, water passes through the pot quickly, and no harm is done; but a sodden soil should always be avoided. The best time to water is in the morning, and plants which are in flower require more than those which are not; but there are exceptions to this rule. Hardy plants in cold houses must be watered with discretion during frosty weather. If frozen, they should be left until a thaw comes. Plants which are dry at the roots withstand winter frost better than those in a moist soil, and as at this season they are in a state of inactivity, they do not suffer to any extent from being dry. But as soon as a thaw is followed by mild weather, such as need water should have it freely, supplying it as early in the day as possible.

MORE ABOUT SWEET PEAS.

A wish has been expressed for more cultural information about Sweet Peas than was given in a recent note. No annual gives greater pleasure than this. It is full of colour, free, and fragrant, and when the plants are not allowed to seed, they remain in beauty many weeks. Sweet Peas enjoy a rich soil, and where the ground is poor dig out a trench 1ft. or even more in depth, and put in the bottom some well-decayed horse-manure, then fill up with good soil. The manuring must not be overdone, neither must the liquid-manure



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TREE AND FLOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to ensure proper solidity, so to speak, of the growth. A plant drawn up at all in heat and suddenly placed out of doors in our uncertain climate is likely to receive a severe check. Plant 6in. apart and stake at once. The after attention required by this beautiful flower is very simple. Most important of all is to keep the plants free from seeds, unless, of course, these are desired, when a portion of the plants should be reserved for this purpose alone. No flower is more satisfactory in a small garden. The seeds may be sown to line some path, or in the kitchen plot, wherever, indeed, fragrance and colour are desired. And how useful the flower is to cut for the house! It is always a pleasure to fill bowls with Sweet Peas and to smell them.

RANDOM NOTES.

Sow Mimuluses Now.—The Monkey flowers are quaint and interesting, and the colouring is laid on in broad stripes and blotches. They are very easy to grow, but must have a cool and moist place outdoors, where the brilliant shades of yellow, red, crimson, and a medley of tints will make a great display during the summer months. The seed should be sown at once in a shallow pan filled with fine sandy soil. Sow thinly, and if the pan is placed in a corner of the greenhouse the seed will soon germinate. The seedlings will probably appear in hundreds, and they must when of sufficient size to handle be pricked out, that is, put in an inch or so apart until they have grown sufficiently to touch each other, when they may go individually into small pots for growing on in the greenhouse. Early in May they may be planted out.

Weedy Gravel Paths.—This is a good time to turn weedy gravel paths or those on which there is moss. Dig the walk over with a fork or a spade, bury the moss or weeds, tread it, and then put on the gravel and roll it down firmly. The walk must be highest in the centre, say about 2in., to allow sufficient fall for the water.

IN THE LAST PLACE.

By JANE BARLOW.

WHEN the railway came to Gortnavan some people believed that the fortune of the place was made, and that it would soon develop into an important centre of population. Amongst them Peter Corcoran, the ironmonger, possessed not only much hopefulness, but a little capital, and a small bit of land a mile or two from the town. Upon that accordingly he at once erected a row of three villas to accommodate the increasing residents. Red-brick, jerry-built houses they were, and with hackneyed elegance he named them Belle Vue Terrace, for the Gaelic League was not yet. But the expected residents never arriving, Mr. Corcoran had to put up with tenants at a rent which returned a meagre fractional interest on the money sunk, so that he could not afford to keep his unlucky investment in repair. At length, after his death, when they all stood vacant and dilapidated, the shop, which his family were carrying on, was burnt down along with their dwelling-house; whereupon his widow, his daughter, and his niece gathered together their remnant of furniture and took refuge under the most water-tight roof in Belle Vue Terrace until their business premises, happily insured, could be rebuilt.

They were a rather dispirited party. Elderly Mrs. Corcoran sat all day in the kitchen and talked about the Court of Bankruptcy and the workhouse; her daughter Helena repined

at being severed by two miles of bleak road from all the distractions of the town; and her niece, Lizzie Magill, was so vexed in her housewifely soul at the impossibility of making their tumbledown quarters "anyways dacent," that her wonted cheerfulness flagged, and she had not much more than forbearance wherewith to gainsay the grumbling of her companions.

One fine summer morning, however, Helena walked off early to spend the day with her friends the Devlins, who kept a grocery in the Diamond; and when she returned at dusk her dark eyes were shining again, like stars brightened by a touch of frost, because she had a pleasure in prospect. The Devlins' son Terry, home for a holiday, was planning an excursion to Killarney with his sisters, and they wanted her to join them. Lizzie, who had just made a good job of mending the scullery door with tacks and the lid of a biscuit-box, was as pleased as she could be at the news, and said, "Sure now, Helena, alanna, that's grand. I hope you'll get a fine day for it." Mrs. Corcoran, on the contrary, overhearing the project, called wrathfully from the kitchen: "And a pretty penny that 'ud cost bedad. I wonder where you think the money's to come from for any such vagaries, and we wid every bit of our business runnin' away to them Byrnes in the main street as fast as a weasel wrigglin' itself into its hole. Sorra the hold on it we'll ever catch agin. I hope you'll get your health till you find me

payin' your fare, that's apter than not to be prisently thravellin' into the Union."

But this did not much disconcert Helena, who had counted very little upon her mother's co-operation. As she put away her becoming pink blouse she told her cousin that she would "write to Andy the first thing to-morrow." Andy was her brother, and had a good situation up in Dundalk. "He'll send me the money order wid a heart and a-half, I well know," Helena said. "This is Monday; I might get it Thursday mornin', and the Devlins aren't goin' before the middle of next week, so I'll have it plenty soon enough. There, I've put them in the corner where the wet hasn't come through the wall; me ribbon was all spotted wid it last time. Gimme a wisp of somethin', Lizzie, to be stickin' in th'ould door that's flyin' open. I suppose herself down below was havin' everybody starved and ruined the same as ever? Is there e'er a drop of tay in it yet? Mr. Devlin sent her a seed cake."

Helena's letter went to Dundalk as early as possible next day. She was not much surprised at receiving no answer on the Thursday, for she had hardly expected to hear by return of post. But when Friday brought nothing at all, and Saturday only a newspaper, her disappointment waxed more and more. On Sunday she went so far as to wait at the turn of their road for old Matt Doran, the letter-carrier, who was not carrying anything for her, and who, seeing her much cast down, jocularly conjectured that "he had took up wid some other girl," thereby edging her chagrin with wrath. Her anxiety quite spoiled her meeting after mass with Maggie and Norah Devlin, who told her that they had settled to go on Wednesday or Thursday, and that Terry would bring her word. Not for worlds would she have "let on" to them about the obstacle which made her professions of pleasure difficult and insincere.

Next morning the post was so late that they had all given it up before old Matt knocked at 2, Belle Vue Terrace. "Run and see is there anything, Lizzie," said offended Helena; and Lizzie ran hopefully, to find merely "an ould baste of a circular that nobody wanted." She pursued Matt Doran to the gate with a forlorn hope that he had overlooked something else, and she wanted him to reopen his bag. But Matt was always short-tempered when he had to come out of his way down their road, and he said, as he mounted his tricycle, "Och! lave meddlin' wid my letters alone. If you think I'm after takin' e'er a one on you, you've a right to lodge a complaint wid the Secretary at the General Post Office in Dublin. But you've no call to be interferin' wid me or me bag." So Lizzie went indoors, shocked and abashed, as well as disappointed.

Wishing to put the best face she could upon the discomfiture of their hopes, she entered the kitchen saying cheerily: "Well, now, Helena, if I was in your coat, I'd just write off another line to Andy this instant. He never got your letter, you may depind. Ah! no, Aunt Fanny, he can't be sick, for he sent the papers reg'lar. Lost in the post it is."

In the first bitterness of her disappointment, Helena declared with vehemence that she wouldn't be bothered writing a single word more to man or mortal; and though she soon afterwards had twenty minds to take Lizzie's advice, her pride rose up and suggested as many improbable reasons why she should not demean herself by asking again for what her brother wasn't maybe wishful to oblige her with. "She'd liefer not be beholden to him, if that was the way of it." So she moped and fidgeted in miserable irresolution until post-time went by, turning upon her surroundings the gloom of tragic dark eyes and delicately chiselled curves of melancholy, while a sympathetic shadow clouded Lizzie's broad, good-humoured countenance. The long day passed heavily.

Lizzie's hope woke with her on the morrow. She felt as if it were almost impossible that this last chance would not yield the letter. Helena's mood, on the other hand, had grown outwardly defiant. By word and mien she sought to convey that it was little to her whether or no Andy sent the few shillings; it would be one while before she asked anything of him again. Nevertheless, at breakfast, which coincided with the beginning of post-time, her appetite quite failed, and when a knock sounded she stopped in the middle of a sentence, plainly unable to finish it. A flop following Matt Doran's rap betokened a newspaper; the fall of anything lighter would be inaudible to the most intently listening ears.

The letter-box at No. 2 had never been known to have a bottom, so that whatever was put into it tumbled straight out on the floor, and Lizzie's heart now sank as she saw a newspaper lying lonely upon the ragged oilcloth. She was, indeed, spared the hateful moment of returning empty handed, for she became aware of her cousin's eyes gleaming desperately halfway up the narrow kitchen stairs, and a sorrowful shake of the head sufficed to quench them forthwith. This, however, was only a slight mitigation of the grievous blow. "If I had a sixpence to me name," Lizzie said to herself, standing disconsolate in the little hall, "I'd step down to the post this minyit, and be sending Andy a wire—I would so. Her heart's set on it entirely." But as ill-luck would have it, she had lent her last penny, which seemed to make her a merely helpless looker-on.

And her reflections were interrupted by the arrival of another trouble. Through the half-shut door she espied something that sent her hurrying downstairs to give what she thought might be a much-needed warning.

"Helena, honey, here's Terence Devlin comin' in at the gate."

"Wid word that they're goin' to-morra," Helena's voice said in accents of ironical despair from an obscure corner.

"Will I run and tell him you're bad wid a cold, and mis-doubt you could go along wid them?" Lizzie offered.

"I'll spake to him meself," Helena said, rising up with a sparkle in her eyes, and a pink poppy flush that might have led anybody to suppose she had heard some agreeable tidings. "And I'll tell him whatever I have a mind to. Don't you be meddlin' or makin', Lizzie, but just hould your gabbin' tongue," she commanded imperiously, as she swept out of the kitchen, poising her black head with its ruffled wealth of hair rather more haughtily than usual. Lizzie followed at a discreet distance, marvelling uneasily.

Terence Devlin, a sunburnt, good-looking youth, had put on his Sunday suit of grey Mallow tweed and a red tie. He met Helena in the hall with a flurried eagerness of manner. "Well, Miss Corcoran, and what way are you? It's too early I'm disturbin' you this mornin', but me sisters bid me be bringin' you word that the Southern excursion is to-morrow, so I wouldn't be delayin', for fear I might by any chance miss you. And they bid me say they hoped the eight o'clock train'll suit you. If not, we'll wait for the next," Terence added on his own responsibility.

"Deed, then your sisters are the quare girls," Helena said, laughing lightly, "and is it consaitin' they are that I've e'er a notion of thravellin' off to the other end of Ireland for a sight of the ould Lakes of Killarney?"

"Why, to be sure, we are all of us so supposin'," Terence said, with a start of dismay. "It's little pleasure there'd be in goin' without you. The lakes is worth seein', I'm tould. Sure, Miss Corcoran, you were sayin' yesterday week that there was no place you'd liefer go on a party to."

"Och to goodness! Who's to be bothered recollectin' everything they might say by chance yesterday week? For the matter of that, Tim Brady was tellin' me last Sunday he went to Killarney at Easter, and he thought nothin' of it at all. He wouldn't trouble himself wid them lakes, he said, if they were gave him in a prisint to carry home in his hat."

"Faix then, Tim Brady won't find many people agreein' wid his opinion," said Terry.

"Maybe it's none the worse for that," said Helena, "and he was sayin' that if you took and emptied the whole of Killarney Lakes into Lough Neagh, nobody'd ever notice there was e'er a sup more wather in it."

"It's Tim Daly's the lucky man to get anybody that'll listen to his blatherin'," said Terry. "So since that's the way of it, I'll be wishin' you good-mornin', Miss Corcoran. Only Maggie and Norah's apt to be a trifle put out, as they was countin' on you comin' along. But, in coorse, if you've a preference for Lough Neagh, there's an end of it."

"I won't be delayin' you, Mr. Devlin," said Helena, "unless you'd rather step into the parlour for a couple of minyits and see me mother. I'm busy meself just now."

Terry ignored this pressing invitation, and strode out of the house, tripping over a hole in the oilcloth as he went. The glow had left his brown face, and seemed to have taken several years of his youth along with it. Helena pushed the door to after him, thereupon ascending the stairs with her chin in the air.

Lizzie Magill, who, waiting in the background, had been a distressed overhearer of this dialogue, came forward into the dark little hall. She being a plump, fresh-complexioned young girl, with glossy reddish hair, dressed in a very clean sky blue and white calico, much perturbation of spirit was needed to make her look as far from cheerful as she did at that moment. Her mind, in fact, was filled with conflicting thoughts, all of them painful in themselves, and aggravated by their strife. "Rael ojis Helena was," some amongst them ran, "to be that disagreeable, and tormintin' him wid ould Tim Brady, that she never spakes civil to only for contrariness. And the poor lad goin' off fit to cry, after trampin' over wid his best coat on him to tell her, as plased as anything. Maybe he's little to do to be makin' such a fool of himself about the likes of her. But that's the way it is, bedad is it. . . . Helena's vexed, to be sure, but what better could she make it, except worse, wid annoyin' other people? There's no sinse in it, that's the truth. . . . It's the thousand pities the both of them to be put out that way," Lizzie went on musing regretfully. She was younger than either Terence or Helena, yet she seemed to be regarding their fortunes from a height of motherly compassion. "Maybe now I had a right to run after him and tell him the rael raison. Helena'd be ragin'—or lettin' on she was anyhow—and it's no affair of mine to hinder her of givin' herself an ugly appairance; but I'm sorry in me heart to see him lookin' that discouraged

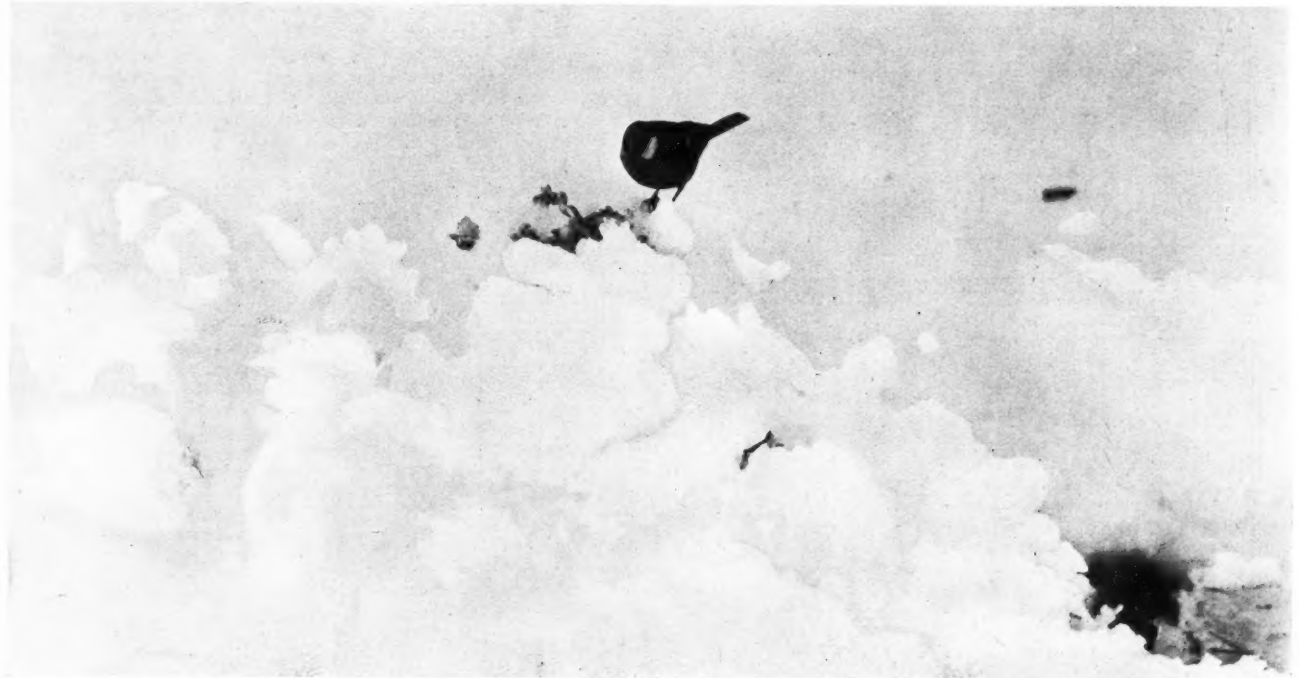
like. He wouldn't think so bad, if he knew what set her romancin' about Tim Brady and Lough Neagh. I'll overtake him aisy."

With this intention she jerked open the door, and as she did so something white suddenly fell fluttering to her feet. She picked it up, and what should it be but a letter addressed in a familiar hand to Miss Corcoran, bearing the Dundalk postmark of a date some days back. In half a minute Helena was tearing the envelope, which contained a very ample postal order. "What am I to do at all now?" she said, surveying with doubtful joy its blue lettering and bold black figures. "And me after talkin'

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SALMON-FISHING.

BY the time these lines are in print the fishing season on the Dee, Don, Spey, and most of the other Scottish rivers will, in all probability, be in full swing. Favoured by an exceptionally mild winter, with scarcely any frost, and not a single severe snowstorm even on the uplands, the spring fish are already far up the rivers, and on the opening day will probably be found on the upmost reaches. Especially does this seem to be the case as regards the Dee, where clean-run fish were in the middle reaches even before Christmas, and which



S. P. Gordon.

GREAT TIT FEEDING IN THE SNOW.

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that way to Terry Devlin. He went off wid himself in a fine fantigue."

"I'll run after him and say it was only jokin' you were," Lizzie said, and this time Helena accepted her good offices without demur.

Terence Devlin, walking gloomily up the long hill with his mortifying message, was stopped by a scamper and a call behind him. He turned to see Lizzie Magill trotting along flushed and breathless in a whirl of blue and white. Her run had been further than she expected.

"You're to come back, plase, and spake to me cousin," she panted. "'Twas jokin' she was just now. Goin' to Killarney wid yous she is right enough."

She saw his clouded face light up. "Is she so?" he said. "Well now yourself's the very good girl to come and tell me. But what bewitched her to be makin' a fool of me for nothin'?"

"Och, 'twas meself put it in her head," said Lizzie, resolved to play the part of a faithful envoy.

Terence, who was rapidly retracing his steps, had the politeness to say nothing, but she perceived clearly that he no longer considered himself her debtor. Perhaps she had not highly prized his gratitude.

"And where at all was Andy's letter that you didn't find it before?" Helena bethought her of asking, after Terry's second departure, consoled, and when she was with an eager hand pinning into her hat a feather of which she had possessed herself with difficulty, to small purpose she had lately feared.

"Sure 'twas in the last place anybody'd ever think to look for it," Lizzie replied. "Where was it but stickin' in the letter-box, and tumblin' out when I went to open the door?"

by February 12th, the opening day (this year the 11th falls on a Sunday, so of course no fishing can be done then), will almost certainly be found as far up as Braemar, the last village on Deeside, and lying at an altitude of 1,120ft., about sixty miles from the sea. A water-bailiff informed me quite a month ago that he had come upon a fresh-run salmon on the river banks, nearly thirty miles up the river, which had evidently been captured by an otter. The otter is very fastidious in his tastes, and will not deign to capture a kelt or spent fish should any clean-run salmon be in the waters. By now all except the very late fish have finished spawning, and are on their way back to the sea. A short while ago I was standing on a bridge crossing the Dee, and was watching a salmon lying in the pool below. I hailed a gillie who happened to be passing at the time, and asked

him if he thought it was a clean run fish. After looking intently at the fish for some time, he remarked, "Na, na, she's a spent lad, yon." I don't think I ever heard anyone call a "lad" "she" before! Let us hope the salmon was out of ear-shot. The Scotch labouring classes, as a rule, seem disinclined to give you a straightforward answer. As an instance of this, while visiting a lonely glen for the first time up Strathdon, I had occasion to ask a very old crofter which was the best of two roads up the glen. Said he, "Ene's as bad as the ither; they're baith coorse!" Which was far from being the truth. But to return to the salmon. The "spent lads" have this season had very favourable weather for their journey down the rivers. Almost the whole time the waters have been more or less in flooded condition, especially in the upper reaches, where a succession of fierce south-westerly gales have brought down the mountain burns in heavy flood owing to the melting of the snows on the mountains; so salmon-fishers should be little troubled with kelts on the opening day. Now and again one finds a salmon spawning exceptionally late in the season. A keeper told me he once landed a large fish in April, apparently in splendid order, but which on being opened was found to be ripe for spawning! Another strange fact in connection with this is that numbers of small shot were found in the fish, which had evidently at some time or another been fired at.

NESTING OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

The golden eagle is perhaps the first bird to begin nesting in the Highlands. Not being dependent on open weather for a good supply of



S. P. Gordon.

BLUE TIT.

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food, it can afford to nest earlier than many less fortunate members of the feathered world. Owing, probably, to a complete absence of any severe weather this winter, the golden eagles are already at work repairing their eyries. Visiting their home on January 28th—a fine springlike day—I was soon rewarded by a sight of both the birds, looking very attractive as they soared round one another, every now and then alighting on a pine tree. Suddenly one sailed close over my head, carrying in its beak a large branch which it had obtained from a neighbouring pine, and with which it was hastening to the eyrie. On visiting the spot where the latter was placed last spring, I was surprised to see no trace of it, and it was not until I had approached the tree that I found that one of the strong gales we have been experiencing this winter had blown the whole structure to the ground. Nothing daunted, however, the eagles had already made considerable progress with a new nest, and beneath the tree were lying several branches freshly plucked from some neighbouring pine. Although the outer lining of the eyrie is composed of large dead sticks, yet the eagles seem to be reluctant to use for the upper part of the eyrie any branches which have not been pulled by themselves from the trees, and on these branches will usually be found the marks of the bird's powerful beak where it has wrenched off the branch from the parent tree. At this season of the year the eagles are constantly uttering their wild cry. The best time to hear them is about sunrise on a calm morning, when they may be seen playing with each other in the air, the while uttering their ringing "Click! click! click!" which has been often likened to the clang of the wild geese. The golden eagle seems to have no terror for small birds, such as the bullfinch, as I have rarely visited an eyrie without seeing numbers of this beautifully-coloured bird, or, if not, then one can count upon seeing a tiny coal-tit hopping about in close proximity.

THE GOOSANDER.

Until quite recently the goosander was not supposed to be resident in Great Britain, but, as in the case of several other birds, its nest has been frequently found in recent years. This may be because the birds' habits are changing; but the more likely explanation is that latterly far more intelligent interest has been taken in Nature; and so birds—and especially members of the duck family—which at one time were supposed only to visit this country during the winter have been found to nest in considerable numbers in Scotland and the islands to the north. Unlike most of its kind, the goosander prefers a highland burn or river to the more peaceful waters of a loch, and may be seen on the river Dee at all seasons of the year, especially on its upper reaches, where it is not loved by the keepers on account of the immense number of trout that it gets through. A keeper told me that on shooting a goosander—and this, be it said to his credit, was but seldom—he never failed to find one or more trout inside it, sometimes ranging in weight as high as a quarter of a pound. Notwithstanding this fault, the goosander—especially the male—is a most handsome bird, and adds a great charm to the river where it has its home. All ducks are, it is well known, very rapid fliers, but of them all I should say the goosander is the strongest on the wing. I have seen them keep pace with a train for many miles, where the Dee runs parallel to the railway. A pair usually take possession of a certain part of the river in early spring, and may usually be seen at pretty much the same place, where they will have their nest later on, and it is a charming sight on a calm May evening to see the hen goosander slip off her nest, after covering it carefully over with down and straw, and join her mate a little further down stream, when they have a happy half-hour or so in the stillness of the evening.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Already, even in this Northern district, Nature seems to be fast waking from her winter sleep. The grass fields are beginning to show a darker tinge of green, and farm work is exceptionally far advanced. Amongst the turnips the partridges' grating cry is heard on all sides, and one can see fierce combats being waged between members of the coveys, which are now fast breaking up. The song-thrush, too, has recommenced his song—the first one I heard was on January 24th—and the hedge-sparrow and brown wren are now to be heard everywhere. The common bunting I heard as early as January 5th, but, strangely enough, although the missel-thrush was in full song on December 26th, I have not heard him once since then. The titmouse are busy as ever eating the cocoanuts, but they have not as yet paired, as I see is the case further South. The blackbird is always far behind the thrush in commencing his song with us; in fact, the difference sometimes amounts to not far short of two months. He is rarely in song before March, in this part of the world at least, which is, one would think, rather extraordinary, considering how alike the thrush and he are in their habits. As an evidence

of the early spring, I may mention that towards the end of January a lapwing and a curlew were both seen on the hills at a distance of fifty miles from the sea! The lapwing, it is true, sometimes comes inland very early in the season, but the appearance of a curlew in mid-January must surely be unique. The harvest has now all been secured, but as late as January 9th I noticed a field still out, so that the curlew has arrived almost before the last of the harvest has been secured!

SETON P. GORDON.

GREEN WINTER.

WE shall have snow in spring, and a summer maybe which will be no summer, but, as Jean Paul says, a winter painted green; but this month the air has been as warm as milk, with winter gnats dancing up and down from the ditch to the sun. It is the February summer, the warm interval in the train of St. Valentine that comes between the January frosts and the March winds that hiss through the white blackthorns. To-day there are roots and tassels of white dry grass on the wall, and a blue sky flowing over it, like a stream round a pebble, and a few white clouds dissolving in the blue like snow-crystals in a pool. A film of water dapples the wall here and there, light and thin as a snail's trail; upon the road rain lies like a glass streaming

with reflected light; and the sharp-faceted pebble, the million-eyed quartz fragments in the wall are streaming too. Beneath the hedge opposite, the dead sorrel spires are dipped in rust, and the black fallen hawthorn leaves, the silver grassy stalks, bleached by sun and dew, are a background to the pushing up of young grass, of the plantain and primrose crowns, the heart-shaped leaves of the celandine, the trodden chickweed by the gatepost. A dandelion is half open by the roadside, and a pale-coloured half-open speedwell and a pinkish lilac ragged robin are spreading under the shelter of some bronzed green brambles, while wild parsley lays its jewel-like green fronds here and there above the sallow grass, and the buff oak leaves that choke the ditch, and the grey-veined mat of ivy. A frond of hart's-tongue fern is brown at the tip, but the young fronds are shooting. There is a hollow near a stile in which hundreds of beech and oak leaves, of a wet and lustrous chestnut colour, have settled so thickly as to cover the grass, and in the sandy field beyond a gorse bush is sprinkled with five golden spots of bloom, and greenfinches start from the thickets where blackbirds and thrushes are singing. There is no other sound like a bird's note, from their "zee, zee, zee, tsui, chink, chink," or a thin tapping upon a miniature whetstone, to the slender notes upon a glass flute, "dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aera et auribus sedens"—short notes, hints rather than sentences, for "the language of birds is very ancient, and like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood."

It is a month of sudden rains; the sky clouds, then chinks of intolerable brightness appear in dark cloud packs that fill with a streaming haze of light that lengthens into fan-like water-carriers, drilling their long rows of rain into the earth. An eclipse of the pale-coloured sun, and the lenient rain falls in a spray as fine as sand. Then, like a precious gem, the sun wells out again and spills itself over the Downs and over the green-filmed stems of the tall elms in the hollow, each visible to the foot, and made individual in the plantation by the sudden brightness of their background. The cloud above the sun is frayed again, and now the sun hangs like a lamp above a crater-shaped cloud, and below in the intenser light the distant hillocks and down and pale-coloured fields begin to smoke.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE other night, happening to take up a novel published some weeks ago, I read it to the end. If the plot were baldly stated, it would by the general reader be voted most offensive; but I read on and on, and at the end conceived a high idea of the aims of those who had written it. The name of the story is *The Forbidden Man* (White and Co.), and those of the authors Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken. Possibly the whole trend of the work may be given by means of a parable. A great chess-player has eight pawns to manipulate. Suppose he wishes to queen one of them and



S. P. Gordon. A PAIR OF GREAT TITS.

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therefore guards it with all his skill from the vicissitudes of the game. If the little piece could speak, how absurd it would be to hear it burst forth into a paean of triumph over its unprecedented success, the skill with which it had evaded danger and grasped opportunity by the forelock; and if the other pieces, which had been lost, exchanged, or sacrificed to secure the important end, were to burst into lamentation over their cruel fate, how absurd it would be! Failure and success rested not with them, but in the mind and art of the chess player. Our authors try to represent a human board, of which the player is Destiny and the puppets men and women. For example, they have gone to Greek tragedy and to the writings of some of the lesser Elizabethan playwrights. The plot by which they have chosen to work out this idea is painful and even repulsive—so were the themes of many of the Greek tragedians and Elizabethan dramatists—but they have managed it with skill and tact. A man who is ill-starred, but patient and loving, is married to a beautiful and discontented wife, who to her misfortune has fallen in love with Anthony Heron, a millionaire, by whom her passion is returned. The husband finds an incriminating letter, and, losing heart and hope, commits suicide at the very moment when his wife is out motoring with her lover. The woman is filled with remorse, which is intensified by the reproaches of a fair young daughter, who, brought home from school by the ill news, instinctively blames her mother.

"It's true," she said dully. She looked at the girl, her own daughter, who seemed a stranger, and saw all the untamed violence of her grief, and envied her.

"Mother, mother!" cried the girl. "Why did he do it? Couldn't you have helped it? Why did you let him? Why did you let him?"

To Vanna the tear-distorted face was like that of an avenging angel. Her Judge had come to ask her to render her account.

"Mother!" Joan went on fiercely, wild with misery. "I believe it was your fault! It was your fault!"

The girl did not know what she was saying. Her father had been everything in the world to her; her passionate child's heart was wounded to death. But to Vanna the voice of her child was as the accusing voice of God rending her heart, and she had no answer.

Everything swam round her; the darkness closed in. She fell on her face to the ground and lay as one dead.

Then, the man who had longed for the woman when she was not free discovered that when he was at liberty to marry her he did not feel inclined to do so. After making mere liberal provision for her he quits the country, sending a message that leaves her distraught, for she loves him with soul, mind, and body, steadily and unalterably. A few years pass away, and the raw schoolgirl, her daughter, becomes a fair and gracious woman. Anthony Heron meets her by accident and feels at once that here is the only woman with whom he could live out his life, and she is fired by his ardour. It is the beginning of a new crisis when he is informed by his friend, Lady Betty Somerville, "That is Vanna Tempest's girl." Only with the greatest difficulty is the mother's reason saved when she discovers that her erstwhile lover now wishes to marry her daughter. The girl acts splendidly throughout, and what had happened when her mother came to find out the fact may easily be inferred from what happens when she goes to bid her lover farewell.

"I have come without telling anybody," she went on, almost as if she expected to be reproved for it. "It is the only thing I have ever done in my life that I have kept a secret. I am not going to tell my mother. I am afraid it would make her sad. But I could not go away without saying good-bye to you."

"You must not go! Blue Eyes, you must not go!"

There was a fierce note in his voice. He gripped her wrist and looked long and madly and hungrily into her eyes. But it was he who turned away.

"Blue Eyes, they have told you cruel things about me," he said in a muffled voice.

"No—I should not have listened," she answered, with shining eyes. Then her face clouded over; and that bewildered, hunted look came into it that had touched Lady Betty to the very depths of her being.

"It is I who am wicked—mother says. She said—oh, so many things, and I didn't understand them. But I understand that she would be very sad and miserable if I were to marry you, so of course I can't, and I've come to say good-bye, because we are going away."

But the separation is only temporary. The wind of destiny blows together again these frail barques on the sea of life. Joan has not yet fully understood what the relations had been between Mrs. Tempest and Anthony Heron. Still the poor middle-aged woman continues to delude herself with the hope that she will win him back, and it is not until a clandestine marriage has been arranged at Monte Carlo that she recognises the relentlessness of her fate. She is driven to the verge of despair.

She flung herself down by the window, biting her lips until they bled, to stifle the hysterical screams that fought for utterance in her throat, beating her hands with impotent fury against the wall.

When it had passed, and she struggled wearily to her feet and staggered across to the mirror, she saw reflected the face of an old woman, haggard and drawn, with dishevelled hair floating around it; and atop of it the smart French hat, set rakishly askew, gave it a positively grotesque appearance.

She pulled the pins out and flung it on the bed. There was positive terror in her eyes.

"You look hideous," she muttered, and a terrible weariness succeeded to the rage. "Oh, how vulgar you are, how awful, how impossible! And you are growing old—your life is done. Fool, why won't you recognize it?"

And then her mood changed, and again a spasm of fury shook her from head to foot.

"It was Joan—Joan all the time! I saw it in his face. He did not even try to hide it from me. What does he see in her, what can he see in that milk-and-water fool? He has been faithful to her. He only saw her two or three times in Paris, and then again in London—and yet he has not forgotten! Why, oh, why? And I would give my soul and suffer torture through eternity if he would only let me be near him, even though he treated me like a dog! But it is Joan!"

As a consequence of all this, the innocent girl has to drink her cup of bitterness to the dregs. Her whole soul being roused, she goes to her mother with Lady Betty Tempest, and a most painful scene follows:

"Lady Betty says," Joan began in a hard dry voice, without any form of preamble or greeting, "that he was your lover."

"It is true," Vanna returned her daughter's gaze steadily. "I tried to make you understand. Now you know at last that you cannot marry him."

"Then," the girl went on, and her voice was cruel in its low precision, "then—you were false to my father?"

Vanna turned her head away.

The girl sprang forward suddenly, and gripped both her mother's wrists as in a vice.

"Tell me," she said in a terrible whisper. "Tell me the truth, mother. Was that why he died?"

"I—I believe so," The words came hardly audibly from between the woman's parched lips.

"He knew? My father knew?"

"I think he must have found out," said Vanna. "He left no sign—no word. But I think he must have known. It broke his heart, and he died. There was no other reason."

"Then he is my father's murderer!" cried the girl aloud in fearful anguish.

"He—and I. I was more to blame, Joan."

"And I loved him. I—I thought him a god—I forgot everything in the whole world but him. I wanted nothing better than to be his slave! Oh, what a horrible creature I am!"

The interview ends when Joan falls headlong on the floor, only to rise under the infliction of that disease dear to the novelist—"brain fever." For long she is so ill that she looks over the very verge of the grave into eternity. So she learns strange truths, to which the novelists have been gradually leading up. She recovers from her sickness, no longer hating, no longer condemning. From her final interview with Anthony Heron we quote the following, because in a sense the whole book has been written to lead up to it. Here is the philosophy by which their microcosm is ruled:

"How could I hate you?" she said softly, and still with that tenderness that was not of this world at all, but that she had brought back with her from the grave. "At first, all sorts of bitter thoughts filled my mind. When I realised what it all meant, I cried out that I hated you. I hated myself, I hated my mother. I looked upon you as the murderer of my father. He had been everything to me; he had had such a sad life, he was so good, so patient, and at last I understood why he had died. I wanted to die myself. And then I came very near to death, and while I was hovering somewhere in some strange, silent, grey place, I seemed to learn all at once things that in this world one cannot learn in a lifetime. I knew that people are judged by the things that are in their hearts, and that sometimes when people in the world do terrible wrongs to others, they are not really wrongs, but the working out of destiny, and part of the reason why these people came into the world, and came into contact with each other."

She paused a moment. Tony gazed on her as a man gazes on his uttermost desire, but with a grave reverence as well, as if he realised well enough that to a child in heart great truths may be revealed.

Then she went on, and her voice lost some of its mysticism, and became so poignantly human that the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate with its tenderness.

"But all that seemed so difficult to me," she said. "I could not understand it; and I remember how I longed with all my soul, that felt strangely free, to hear something that would be easier and more comforting. And then I seemed to know at once, that the simple way is the way that we have always known, and that wrong can be atoned for by suffering, and that if we try to do right, we shall be forgiven. And when I came back from that strange place, and grew stronger, I knew what it meant. We shall be forgiven, if we try to do right, and it is not right of us to be happy here on earth together, so we must go our different ways. But I am sure that there is no hatred, no cruelty on the other side of death, but a great forgiveness, and some day, I think, somewhere—we shall meet again."

Again she paused, and then spoke again, and again her voice took on even a finer gradation of tenderness.

It is unnecessary to follow the story further, or to tell how Anthony Heron was killed and the fair maiden happily married to another. What gives the tale interest is the conscious effort of the writers to reintroduce into fiction the old idea of an over-mastering destiny. The student of human nature knows that at bottom the true woman is neither rational nor conventional. A man's sins will never stifle her passion; neither hell nor darkness shall prevail against them, and is not history and romance full of instances—Paolo and Francesca, and a hundred others? Let us, as Malory says, make a "little mention" of Guinivere, "that while she lived was a good lover and therefore she had a good end." Perhaps it may be that the nature of man is itself destiny; but indeed it matters little to the little pawns by what name they know the chess player.

LORD CADOGAN'S SHEEP.



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SETTLING DOWN FOR THE NIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ANY historical student of agriculture must feel immensely interested in the study of such an estate as is presented at Culford. In the fourteenth century, which some consider the golden age of the English peasantry, the manor was, in the strictest sense of the word, self-supporting. In the centre of it stood the castle, or other residence of the lord, while the villeins, or labourers, had their huts or cottages round about in a common field. They laboured for the lord of the manor so many days of the week, and during the rest of the time worked for themselves. All the food used was raised on the land, and they were content with such clothes as could be woven out of the wool made from the skins of animals. Money

they had little need of, except, as we read in the oldest book of husbandry, that on Saints' Days and other holidays they were in the habit of frequenting the mediæval equivalent of a modern ale-house. When at work they were almost inseparable from the animals they tended. Since then agriculture has undergone many important changes, and one of the most remarkable of them is that once more the manor tends to become self-supporting. It is true that it will never be so absolutely self-supporting as in the days of our forefathers, since neither master nor men can dispense with the increased comfort which civilisation has brought in its wake. The farm servant of the twentieth century would not be content with the food, clothing,



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SUFFOLK EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and housing that were deemed sufficient in the fourteenth century. In the olden time, all articles of common use were made by hand, but now hand-made goods have become a luxury, for the rich and the fastidious. The poor people are glad to take advantage of the cheapness which machinery has effected, and for the whole of their articles of clothing are dependent on town shops. Nor are they content to-day to live on the produce of their fields and gardens; even the labourer consumes more food of foreign than of English origin: He has for breakfast tea from India or Ceylon; bread for which we are afraid the wheat is more often than not grown in the United States, or some other foreign country; and bacon that quite possibly has been sent from Chicago; and if we analysed his other meals, we should probably arrive at a very similar conclusion in regard to them. In that respect, therefore, the manor is no longer self-supporting; yet anyone looking at the machinery and appliances at Culford will see that an enlightened landlord like Lord Cadogan depends as little as possible on exterior help, but has his own forge, his own shops for carpenters, wheelwrights, and other mechanics. He does his own building, makes his own furniture, and manufactures nearly all his own garden requisites. There is also an important electrical plant, so that power and light are generated on the estate. For this purpose there is an installation driven by three engines, two of 30 h.p. and one of 75 h.p. Nor will this be considered excessive when it is taken into account that in the mansion alone there are over a thousand electric lights. Thus there is a resemblance between old and new in the principle of management, at least, though amid the changes brought about by invention it is difficult to discover.



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PRIZE PEN OF THE BLACKFACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

When we come to the actual management of the estate the resemblance ceases altogether. There is nothing in the

previous history of agriculture that foreshadows the farm in vogue to-day. Our forefathers kept their livestock for the simple and direct purpose of keeping themselves with food or clothing; the pedigree animal was unknown, although in that dim past were laid the foundations of those breeds that have been raised to such a pitch of perfection. A short time ago we gave a brief account of the beautiful Jerseys possessed by Lord Cadogan; to-day we are



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A STUDY IN ATTITUDES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

more concerned with the sheep. As befits the owner of Culford Hall, Lord Cadogan, within the last few years, has turned his attention to the local breed of sheep, and has successfully established a very fine flock of Suffolks. In going over the flocks, we were first taken to the farm where the Suffolk ewes were folded. It was not a day on which they could be seen to the best advantage, as a bitter wind was blowing from the east, and the sky became more and more overclouded as we proceeded. Yet bad weather could not obscure the merits of this admirable flock; it was founded no longer ago than the year 1901 by the purchase of shearling ewes from Mr. J. Eagle, Mr. Packard, Mr. P. Smith, and others. Two years later further additions were made from the flock of Mr. R. S. Sherwood. It was not until the year 1905 that the flock, as it were, came into its kingdom; but the impression made by those that were shown was splendid, as they took first prize at the Park Royal Show of



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FOLDING THE SOUTHDOWNS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the Royal Agricultural Society, and also at the Norfolk and Suffolk Shows. At the Suffolk, the first and champion prizes were taken with a two-shear ram, and a first by shearling ewes. At the Royal only shearlings were shown, but they took the highest honours, and were also successful in carrying off the first prize at the Norfolk Show. The flock is certainly one which is likely to have a very great future, as may be judged from the photographs we show, and it must be taken into account that they were obtained in weather highly unsuitable for the purpose, although it brought with it some very picturesque cloud effects. After looking at the Suffolks the visitor was taken to the Southdowns. This flock is of older standing than the Suffolk flock, and was started in 1889 by the purchase of ewes at Mrs. Alan Richardson's sale, and of rams from the famous flock of Mr. F. M. Jonas.

Subsequent additions were made by purchases from the flocks of Mr. Heasman, and from Mr. J. Colman, Mr. Henry Webb, and others. The Culford flock has been especially successful with shearling ewes. For instance, in the show season of 1903, the shearling ewes were first at the Royal, second at Essex, and reserve at the Royal Counties. At the Royal they also won the silver medal for the best pen of ewes in the Southdown classes. A shearling ram was second at the Royal Counties and first at the Essex Shows. A year later shearling ewes were first at the Royal, and again received the silver medal, were second at the Royal Counties, reserve at the Bath and West, second at Norfolk, and first with the silver medal at the Suffolk Show. Last year the shearling ewes were second at the Norfolk, first at the Bath and West, first with silver medal at Suffolk, and reserve at the Royal, whilst a home bred ram was first at the Royal in the two-shear classes. All this represents a wonderful amount of success in proportion to the age of the two



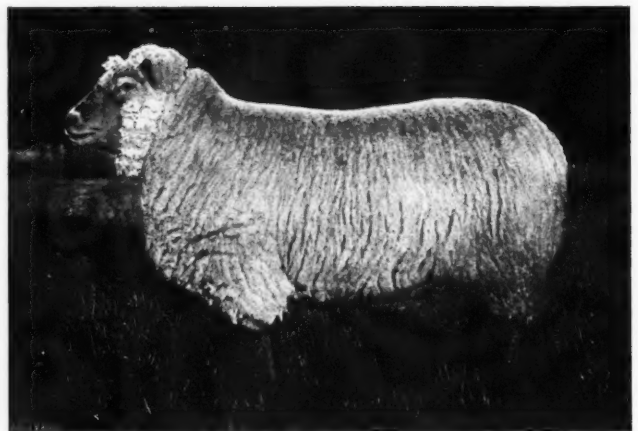
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A SOUTHDOWN SIRE.

"C.L."

flocks, and shows that Lord Cadogan has already taken his place as one of the foremost flock-masters of his time.

Leaving the subject of sheep, it is worth noting that Lord Cadogan has found opportunity of doing something in the way of forestry. In the very middle of his estate he has planted about seven acres of woodland, under the supervision of his forester, Mr. Hankins. This makes about 1,300 acres of woodland altogether on the estate, and there are planted about thirty-five new acres every year. This gives employment to about forty men. On another occasion we hope to go more fully into the financial side of these operations, as it is a question frequently raised whether the return from such experiments is worth the outlay. On Lord Cadogan's estate Scotch fir has been planted on the light high lands, and it has beech for underwood. The question we should like to ask is, in the first



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YOUNG SOUTHDOWN RAM.

"C.L."

place, whether the quality of the trees is such as to meet the requirements of the market, and, in the second place, whether they yield as good profit as would be obtained from the ordinary agricultural crops on the lowlands which have a clay sub-soil. Lord Cadogan does not look primarily for profit in his forest work, because the trees serve a great variety of purposes; they add considerably to the general beauty of the landscape, they are essential for the work of game-preserving, and Lord Cadogan is nothing if not a sportsman; in the third place, when the trees are cut, top and lop are sold to the cottagers for fuel at a price which does not do much more than cover the cost of cartage. Thus it would be impossible to quote Lord Cadogan's as an example of an estate showing a pecuniary return from forestry. Lord Cadogan has, however, put the land to an interesting and pleasant use, and nothing could be more instructive than a walk over his estate.

RAM-BREEDING IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

MUCH has been said about sheep-breeding from time to time, both in this excellent paper and other issues, but I do not remember that the attention of those interested in such matters has yet been turned to the successes scored in this branch of stock-rearing by several well-known breeders in North-West Lincolnshire. On a small tract of land, in a radius of four miles, the centre of which is the Nocton Estate, are to be found four of the most noted breeders, from whom I have, with difficulty, procured a few interesting details concerning their stock, in the breeding of which they have almost reached perfection. The size, form, texture, and thickness of fleece in both rams and ewes excite keen admiration even in the eyes of a novice, and, in experts, under examination, this becomes genuine satisfaction, not unmixed with wonder, at the strength, beauty, and usefulness of the animals under their hands. The four noted breeders referred to are Messrs. Casswell, Cartwright, Howard, and Wright, all of whom have attained the highest reputation as breeders of Lincoln

rams and sheep. Adjoining these are the farms of two others, equally well known—Mr. Pears, East Mere Farm, and Messrs. Dean and Sons—but these are not on this estate. The Lincoln sheep is solely a tenant-farmer's breed, and, such are its rent-paying qualities, it has not needed the support of rich land-owners in England to keep up its name and prestige, but has gone from success to success purely on its own merits. One



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A WINNING TRIO OF SOUTHDOWN EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of Messrs. R. and W. Wright's rams has been known to have a fleece weighing over 39lb. Mr. Casswell of the Bloxham Road Farm, Nocton (also of Laughton, near Folkingham), is especially noted for the size of his sheep and the lustrous wool. His flock dates back to 1785, and from that year until now has descended uninterruptedly from father to son, there never having been a dispersion sale. In 1895 and 1897 twenty rams from the flock made the highest price at the Lincoln sales, and in 1896 the Laughton rams were all sold to go abroad. This Lincoln Longwool sheep has been a leading and well-recognised English breed for generations, and about thirty years ago South Americans began to import Lincoln rams into the Argentine Republic. Since then the export of Lincoln Longwools to that country has assumed large proportions, as they have proved the best for crossing with merinoes and other short-woolled breeds. As far back as 1837 the present Mr. Casswell's grandfather let by auction one of his rams for the large sum of £90, and that this reputation is still maintained by his grandson's lettings is shown by the various reports published from time to time in the papers given up to this special subject. Mr. Cartwright of the Dunstan Pillar Farm, Nocton, is the successor of the Mr. Cartwright who started his flock in 1800, in the parish of Quarrington, and who in 1849 came to its present home. It is twenty years since Mr. Cartwright showed any of his flock,

but up to that time he did so regularly, winning many prizes, amongst them that of the Gimmer class at the Royal Show, which he took three years in succession. The flock still maintains its high standard and reputation quietly among those who value the best. As regards the flock belonging to Messrs. R. and W. Wright of Nocton Heath Farm, its record is specially interesting and brilliant. Founded in 1790 by the present tenant's grandfather, this flock of pure Lincoln sheep still takes the highest place in competition with any of its kind, and large prices are paid to secure the rams either for service or for possession. Before 1888 this flock won nine out of sixteen shearling prizes at the Royal shows, and since that date has had a succession of ten winners, a record held by no other breeders. In twenty-seven years 239 prizes have been secured in competition, and in 1905 Messrs. Wright's Royal winner made 1,000 guineas, and a pen of five £1,500. The flock is not a large one, but of the finest quality in every respect, and has produced more Royal winners than any other. Last, but not least, comes the flock of Mr. Charles Howard of Nocton Rise Farm, which was established by the present tenant's great-great-grandfather more than 150 years ago, and at the present time holds the world's record average by public auction of £125 6s. This alone is guarantee of the estimation in which the flock is held, and the competition to secure specimens whenever the opportunity occurs.

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.



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THE CATTISTOCK PACK

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ONE of the interests a Master of Hounds or a huntsman has which is denied to most members of the field is the study of the characters of individual hounds. Last week I noted the excellent work of a hound holding a line through a deep covert, along a stretch of grass, and then over a wild common till he ran up to his quarry some miles further. In the kill and the breaking up he took, apparently, but little interest; yet he had pressed to the front throughout the chase. His huntsman told me that this was one of his good days; sometimes when asked to draw, he would turn round and trot straight home. Then there was a famous hound, Layman, in the York and Ainsty kennels that was not only good in his work, but when he had done much of the work in a run, he always insisted on carrying the fox's head. In due course a son of his, Villager, was put on, and, being a larger and more powerful hound, poor old Layman had to resign the privilege of carrying the head after a kill to Villager.

It is not always that a Hunt ball, however successful, is followed by anything remarkable in the way of sport. The Melton ball, however, had fortune on its side. The dance itself was a success; more than 300 people were present, including all the best-known Melton people, and many others from the Pytchley, Mr. Fernie's, and other Hunts. Most of those present at the

ball were also at the meet of the Quorn hounds in the park of Lady Wilton's house, Egerton Lodge. Captain Forester hunted the hounds, his huntsman being still laid up. Mrs. Burns-Hartopp had superintended the decoration of the ballroom and lent the plants, and now one of her coverts supplied the very stout fox which led hounds over a rather roundabout but excellent line. There was a crowd at Gartree Hill second only to that of the opening day, when Captain Forester got his hounds away on good terms with a fox. The pace was fast enough to keep the hounds clear of the horses, and to bring the hard riders to the front. Perhaps, as hounds raced back towards Gartree over the Burton flats, some may have thought the Quorn not so formidable a country as it has been painted. But the fox was merely showing them samples, and there were quite enough of bigger fences, and some rough ground, too, as they worked out the line from the Punchbowl by Burrough and on to Adam's Gorse. There was no pause here, but hounds drove on by Sanham, and then round again to Gartree, whence they worked on a fading line. I should not like to say for certain that it was the same fox all the way, though this is a point on which only the hounds, and sometimes the huntsman, can be certain.

Among the Hunts which last week followed the laudable custom of having a "cap" for the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Society were the West

Somerset and the Burston; the latter Hunt collected £42. No doubt the excellent season which they have been having has made the members liberal. The Burston Vale is one of the places I should choose to hunt in if I lived in London and had but one day of leisure. The foxes are stout, and the country, though so near London, is by no means suburban. In the best parts there are, I suppose, here, as elsewhere, difficulties with shooting tenancies and wire; but I am inclined to think there are fewer of these when both hunting and shooting men come from the City of London. There are as many sportsmen in "the City" as anywhere else in England, and there is a healthy public opinion as to hunting round the Mansion House, and I am not sure that, on the whole, City hunting and shooting men do not agree in their sports to live and let live better than others in more distant countries. I see that in Worcestershire, where the wire difficulty is acute, Sir Harry Vernon has hit on a real and growing danger to hunting in the apathy of owners of the smaller properties. Wire is a landlord's question. I know a country which is almost entirely in the hands of two or three large owners, all favourable to hunting, and there is no wire there at all.

The nine-mile point of the Duke of Beaufort's pack last Thursday was probably the best run of the week. They met at Cherrington, not very far from the V.W.H. border. There was a scent, and the hounds ran with the dash and music which are, I fancy, particularly characteristic of a mixed pack of dogs and bitches. There was a foretaste early in the day when hounds ran very hard indeed to Chalford, on the borders of Lord Bathurst's country. Back to Cherrington they came; hounds swept along at a great pace. There was hardly a hover, and no check till hounds threw up their heads near Ashby, in the stonewall country round Tetbury. Then their huntsman took hold of them, and hit off his fox. When a fox has been raced hard he lies down as soon as he can. If he has time to recover and catch his second wind he will go on for a long time, and often beat the pack. I have very little doubt that hounds, and huntsmen, too, often are unjustly accused of chasing foxes when they have simply hit off again the line of a hunted fox that has recovered himself. When hounds started they were, to all appearance, so close to their fox that it did not seem possible he could last long. Men and women sat down to ride at the pack to see the finish. It was a beautiful gallop over that bit of grass which makes the V.W.H. by Cradwell and onwards as good a riding ground as any in England. The fences are large and the ditches broad, but going right up to hounds with the horses' blood up, the leaders crash through. One man on a light blood horse is literally held by one hairy place; but he scrambles through somehow, and the stride of the horse brings him up to hounds. Charlton Park is near, but so is the end, for the fox has actually beaten us, as a stout fox will if he has the chance to recover. Those who know the country put the course of hounds at somewhere about eighteen miles, and they ran very straight between the points.

The Cottesmore have now made it an established rule that they should have one fine old-fashioned hunt a week, or, at least, this is what they have achieved during the past three weeks. Never have they done better on their Lincolnshire side, and the run from Bourn Wood on Monday was a fine example of hound work. The Cottesmore dog pack are as persevering as they are full of drive, and even a woodland fox has to go. The covert named above is partly the property of Lord Ancaster and partly of the Marquess of Exeter. The



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WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS OF THE COTTESMORE. 'COUNTRY LIFE.'

latter is an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and is, indeed, one of the rising amateur huntsmen of the day. However, the Cottesmore dog pack are my theme, and they hit off a good line in Thorney. They hunted a big ring, but it was not the country so much as the hunt. There is no such overwhelming crowd here but that you can see all you want to, and can shirk a fence for a gate if you are so minded without being choked off altogether by the difficulty of pushing through. It was not a fast run as pace goes nowadays, yet the modern hound when well handled drives forward, so that you have often to gallop to keep near him; and in such a country what fun is there in hunting unless you see the hounds?

Sir John Hume Campbell has bought the North Cotswold pack of Mr. Charles McNeill, to the great delight of those who have hunted with them. Sir John, who has been hunting in Warwickshire, showed that he had one qualification at least. He is a hard rider whom not even the Warwickshire fences dismayed. A friend of mine who went into that country to prospect with a view to settling there came back and renewed the lease of his house in his old country. Asked why he did not like the country, he replied, "The fences." "But they are not bigger than ours!" "No, but they come much oftener"; and there is no doubt something in the criticism if you have been accustomed to the wide pastures of High Leicestershire, where there is an interval between the fences.

If it had been a better scenting day the Pytchley last Friday might easily have had that great run which is still to come for them. The line of the fox was a pleasant one from Sulby to Waterloo Gorse; the point was good, about seven miles, but the scent taxed the perseverance of the hounds, being good enough to lead them from point to point with many stops, but not strong enough to give pace to the run.

Polo men will be interested to see that Colonel de Lisle has succeeded to the command of the Royals on the retirement of Lord Basing. It is unusual for a man who has spent his life in an infantry regiment to come to command a crack cavalry corps at last. Colonel de Lisle's chance came to him late, but he was ready to seize it. The training of the race-course and the polo ground may have helped to make him ready to take the opening when it came. X.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN *Retrievers and Retrieving*, by Major W. G. Eley (Longmans, Green, and Co.), we have an able treatise on the subject of training retrievers for all the duties that it is possible may be required of them when in attendance on their masters out shooting. Their behaviour when the sport is grouse-driving, partridge-driving, or covert-shooting is set down in a very business-like and clear manner, not omitting the proper behaviour of the man as well as the dog. The author commences with the management of the puppy, and, carrying him through each stage of his education in succession, turns him out as a friend and clever assistant to his owner in the field; and there is little doubt of success if the instructions given by Major Eley are attended to, always provided that the pupil has a good nose and mouth to start with—attributes of a retriever that are rather born in him than



"ONE WAVE OF HIS ARM, TO THE COVERT THEY THROG."

made. Here is an example of the good sense with which the book is written:

"When a retriever is hunting the work should, as far as possible, be carried out under the same *régime* that exists in His Majesty's prisons—namely, on the silent system. The voice should be used as little as possible; an occasional quiet word of encouragement is sufficient. A low whistle with the mouth and a wave of the arm ought to be all that a well-broken retriever requires for guidance. Nothing sounds worse than that continual 'Hi—lost, good dawg,' which I have heard some men keep up in a sing-song drawl the whole time that the dog is working, and which does not help the animal one atom."

With all this we fully agree, and we only wish such admirable precepts were more generally practised. After taking us through every particular of the management of retrievers, from their earliest lessons to their finished state, viz., that in which they become useful and pleasant companions for the shooter in all branches of his sport, the author gives us a capital chapter on kennel management, which contains short and very serviceable instructions as to how to treat our canine associates in health and disease, this being certainly one of the best-written and most valuable parts of his book. Major Eley evidently loves his dogs, and considers them as personal and valued friends, and is, therefore, a man above others to train them to a state of efficiency which, we fear, few gentlemen or keepers can attain to. At all events, any of our sporting readers who take the trouble to follow his advice will have no cause to regret it, and will possibly be saved from the annoyance of seeing their dogs chasing ground game and running into winged game when they should be at heel. The book is excellently illustrated with portraits of the author's retrievers behaving as retrievers should do under various circumstances of shooting, and contains a very useful index.

Among the reprints of the hour we are glad to welcome the addition to the *Pembroke Booklets* (J. R. Tutin) of one, No. III., containing selections from the poems of Nicholas Breton, George Wither, and William Browne. An excellent idea that has been carried out is to print on a fly-leaf brief but true and delicate appreciations of each poet, by a writer of the highest standing. For instance, about Nicholas Breton (1558—1626) we have this passage from Ben Jonson:

"Thou that wouldst find the habit of true passion,
And see a mind attired in perfect strains . . .
Look here on Breton's work."

Concerning George Wither, Charles Lamb writes:

"The praises of poetry have been often sung in ancient and in modern times; strange powers have been ascribed to it of influence over animate and inanimate auditors; its force over fascinated crowds has been acknowledged; but before Wither no one ever celebrated its power at home, the wealth and the strength which this divine gift confers upon its possessor. Fame, and that, too, after death, was all which hitherto the poets had promised themselves from this art. It seems to have been left to Wither to discover that poetry was a present possession, as well as a rich reversion, and that the Muse has a promise of both lives—of this, and of that which was to come."

With reference to William Browne, George Wither writes:

"I feel an envious touch,
And tell thee Swain: that at thy fame I grutch,
Wishing the Art that mak's this Poem shine,
And this thy Work (wert not thou wrong'd) mine."

None of these poets, with the exception of Wither, is quite so well known as he ought to be, yet there are few things in English verse prettier than Breton's "Phyllida and Corydon":

"In the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damsels playing
Forth I rode, forsooth, a-maying,
When anon by a woodside,
Where as May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phyllida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot!
He would love, and she would not:
She said, never man was true;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had loved her long:
She says, Love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kiss her then,
She says, maids must kiss no men,
Till they do for good and all.
Then she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness, truth
Never loved a truer youth.
Thus with many a pretty oath,
Yea, and nay, and faith and troth:—
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not love abuse;
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded:
And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May."

Wither's poems, "Shall I wasting in despair," and "So now is come our joyful feast," are, of course, very familiar, but his "Rocking Hymn," or Lullaby:

"My pretty lamb, forbear to weep;
Be still, my dear; sweet baby, sleep"

is not so familiar as it ought to be.

William Browne is the least known of the three, and yet he is a very pleasant writer, as witness his "Venus by Adonis' Side":

"Venus by Adonis' side
Crying kiss'd, and kissing cried,
Wrung her hands and tore her hair
For Adonis dying there.

Stay (quoth she) O stay and live!
Nature surely doth not give
To the earth her sweetest flowers
To be seen but some few hours.
On his face, still as he bled
For each drop a tear she shed,
Which she kiss'd or wip'd away,
Else had drowned him where he lay.
Fair Proserpina (quoth she)
Shall not have thee yet from me;
Nor my soul to fly begin
While my lips can keep it in.
Here she clos'd again. And some
Say Apollo would have come
To have cur'd his wounded limb,
But that she had smothered him."

FROM THE FARMS.

"FEBRUARY FILL DYKE."

ACCORDING to a very old proverb, if Candlemas Day is foul, half of winter is gone at Yule, whereas if it be fair, half and more is still to come. As it happens this year the feast was sufficiently foul to please the most confident of weather prophets, and the weather since has been the wildest that we have experienced during the last twelve months. Hard frosts, strong winds, and frequent snow showers have given us a late taste of the rigours of winter. It is not altogether bad, however, because green crops of all kinds have been making premature growth, and it is perfectly certain that if they had been allowed to continue just now, they would have been checked later on. Every farmer would much rather have a sharp frost in February than in late April or May. Nor is the weather anything like so bad for the young lambs as was the unceasing rain of January. Flock-masters are now getting into the very midst of the most critical part of their year; but as they make due preparation against high winds and storms, not much harm has been done. Tempests have raged, but not to the injury of the ewes and their lambs. All the same, ordinary agricultural work has been practically brought to a standstill, as the ploughing, which was hindered in January by the moisture, is now rendered impossible by the frost. It may, however, be a pleasant preparation for a fine March, and, as far as sowing is concerned, March is undoubtedly the most important month of the year.

THE POLICY OF RENT REDUCTION.

During the last year or two, many landowners who agreed to a policy of reducing their rents during the depression, in order to keep tenants on their farms, have asked themselves whether this was as wise as it looked. There are two ways of dealing with the hard case of a tenant in a generous manner: one—and it was followed by the late Lord Salisbury, to take one prominent example—was simply to give a reduction when the times were bad; and this on some estates we can mention came to as much as 40 per cent. of the total rental. Other landowners would take a different plan. They would say to their tenant, when he declared himself no longer able to pay the old rent: "I will not reduce your rent, but still, knowing that, for causes over which you have no control, you have suffered, I will spend money on the land." In carrying out his promise, he naturally considered what was likely to yield the best results, and paid for lime or other material that would enhance the value of the crops. In many instances this worked very well. The improved crops just enabled the struggling tenant to weather the storm, and the landlord was reimbursed for his outlay of capital by an enhancement of the value of his property. Of course, it is not a plan which could be followed by the poor and indigent; it presupposes that the owner is possessed of sufficient funds to carry out his ideas.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECIPHERING AN INSCRIPTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can someone of your correspondents transcribe the following inscription, which is to be found on a cast-lead panel in Scropton Church, Derbyshire:

"CR : GARNER : VI
ED : LAGO : W:
FR : HARR :
IO : BALL : P
1664?"

If so, it will be much esteemed by—ENQUIRER.

[The Scropton panel presents no great difficulty. It evidently commemorates a former vicar of the church and his officers, and should read:

C[H]R[ISTOPHER] GARNER VI[CAR]
ED : LAGO
FR[ANCIS] HARR[ISON] } W[ARDENS]
IC[H]N BALL P.

1664.

The P. following John Ball's name is probably for *parochianus*, parish clerk or bedell. The curious name of Lago is found in the district in the seventeenth century.—ED.]



something of the beauty of the scene. The plate used was a "special rapid" one, the time nine o'clock, and the exposure was fairly correct when the f/5.5 stop was used and the shutter opened for a minute.—N. MURCH.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—During the first two weeks in September I was staying at a delightful little village in Benllech Bay, Anglesey. Here the whole seafront is furnished by four small cottages, whilst the remainder of the village is some distance away on the cliff tops. This was an ideal spot for Nature to be solemn and romantic. Nightly the moon rose out of the sea, and then, gaining its position above the mountains of Snowdonia, poured its silvery light across the bay to Benllech. It was under these conditions that, when the moon was almost full and the clouds few, I supported the camera on the beach near the cottages and attempted to record

BREEDERS AND TYPES

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue you had some interesting notes on differing types in foxhounds, with special relation to the contrast between the modern "clean-cut" type, and the older, more heavily-eared, and "throaty" one. The writer doubted the wisdom of allowing the old type to die out, deeming it more likely to be of use in some descriptions of country than the new type. Not being a hunting man myself, and only interested in horse and hound from a literary and artistic standpoint, I feel that on the actual question at issue I must be silent, but merely wish to suggest that this change of type is not a thing of yesterday, for in an old volume of *Punch* for December 23rd, 1865, I find a sketch, of which the legend underneath runs as follows:

"THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS IS FADED.

Noble Master of Fox-Hounds. Haw! You don't approve of our modern system, then?

Ex-Huntsman. I ain't agot no patience with it, my Lord. Hounds now-a-days is too haristercratic: They carries their noses too high for work. They expects their fox found for 'em, and when they gets on his line they won't own it, much more *speak* to it; and if they do put on the pace for twenty minutes or so, why, they looks for a carriage to take 'em to kennel!"

Now by way of extreme of contrast to your ultra clean-cut hound, let us turn to the bloodhound, of whose modern representative you have given us many fine photographs at various times, and an interesting "snap-shot" one this very week (January 27th). As a layman, may I venture to ask, is there not in this case danger of fashion acting harmfully in the other direction, and causing "leather" and "wrinkle" to be cultivated to the detriment of work? Though throatiness, flap, and "flew" may be associated with the qualities of "nose," staunchness, and steadiness, one would be inclined to fear that the cultivation of these points to extreme lengths, as in the case of the "modern" or "show" bloodhound, must tend to the depreciation of the very qualities aforesaid. I do not wish to aver that the following is a parallel instance, but look at the "modern" crested canary. I suppose that it is getting to be the exception to find one of these unhappy little "feathered chrysanthemums" that is not suffering from incipient, partial, or total blindness. This is supposed to be due not alone to the mechanical irritation to the eye caused by the superabundant feathers, but to the overdevelopment of these causing atrophy of the nerves, vessels, and cells of the eye and its setting. Unfortunately, it is an attribute of that dread and mysterious body, or aggregation of bodies, yclept "The Fancy," never to rest content with the development of useful or curiously characteristic points in bird or animal till they have converted them into grotesque monstrosities. Some years ago there was in a contemporary a series of notes as to an experiment in the founding of a strain of hounds which were to revive, if possible, the type of the old "Southern" hounds. This was to be done by crossing bloodhounds with foxhounds—black-and-tan ones if

possible. I wonder if anything ever came of this very interesting experiment. The result of such, one would think, would be a hound worthy of mention alongside those immortally described as

" . . . bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each: a cry more tuneable
Was never hollo'd to, nor cheered with horn."—J. B. W.

HOMING INSTINCT IN A TERRIER.

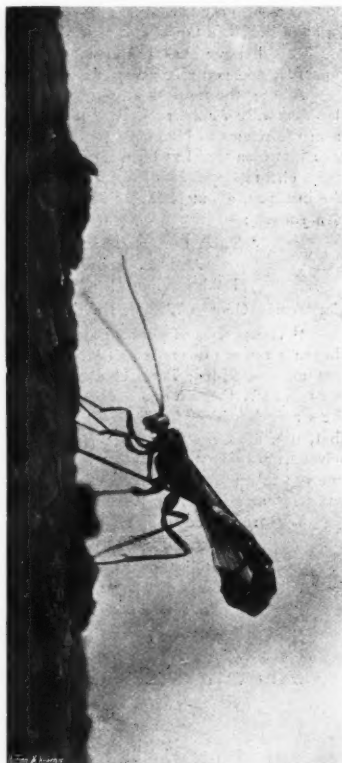
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Having once possessed an extraordinarily intelligent and delightful companion in a dog that was a cross between a Scotch and Irish terrier, I made up my mind to try the same cross to see what the result would be, and got a litter of three pups from a light brown broken-haired Irish by an Aberdeen Scotch terrier. They grew up to be very droll-looking, very short on the leg, long in the back, very long big heads, and long ears standing straight up. I gave one to a friend, and the other I kept with the hope of making him a companion; but, as I am a good deal away from home, he devoted his affections to my keeper more than to me, and my keeper was equally fond of him, and although he was by the way of living up at my house with me when at home, he always went back to the kennels, about a quarter of a mile off, two or three times a day, and always at night if he could. A few weeks ago I gave him to a friend who lived two miles from a town about forty miles from my home. He was put in a box with a wire-mesh netting on top, driven to my station nine miles from my house, taken by train to the town mentioned, and then to my friend's house, and in twenty-four hours he was back at my kennels. Considering that this dog, two years old, had never been many miles from where he was born, and then seldom on roads, is this not an unusually interesting case?—S. P. L.

BORING INSECT.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph of a boring insect (I am sorry I do not know its Latin name) was taken last June. The insect is at work on one of the posts of a pergola. On sunny afternoons there used to be quite a number to be seen. The boring instrument, which—to describe it unscientifically—forms a long tail, is seen here doubled over the body and boring into the wood. The pergola posts were covered with small round holes, no doubt made by these insects.—CHRISTIAN H. CARLO.



A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of an armadillo, whose history, such as it is, may interest some of your readers. He lived for many months wild in the woods at Middleton near Leeds. How he came there nobody knows—perhaps some sailor brought him, or he may have escaped from some wandering show. The keeper met him occasionally, mostly after dark, and took him for a queer sort of hedgehog. Then strange stories got about, and the size of the poor little beast grew in the imaginations of the people; children took fright, and he began to be talked about as something nobody quite understood, something not quite canny; and one unlucky night a farm labourer, pitchfork in hand, met him and killed him. Then everyone was sorry. He had lived his quiet, lonely life, burrowing amongst the dead leaves in the old, disused, half-filled-up colliery shafts, eating very much what the hedgehogs did, hurting nobody, and only showing himself at rare intervals. He measured 19 in. from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail; his head was 4 in. long, his girth 14½ in., and his claws 1½ in. A good deal of the fuzziness of my picture is caused by long rows of coarse hair which grew between the joints of his armour. His colour was that of a well-thumbed parchment deed. He has been stuffed, and is now in the cockpit of the old house whose woods sheltered him so long.—G. M.

